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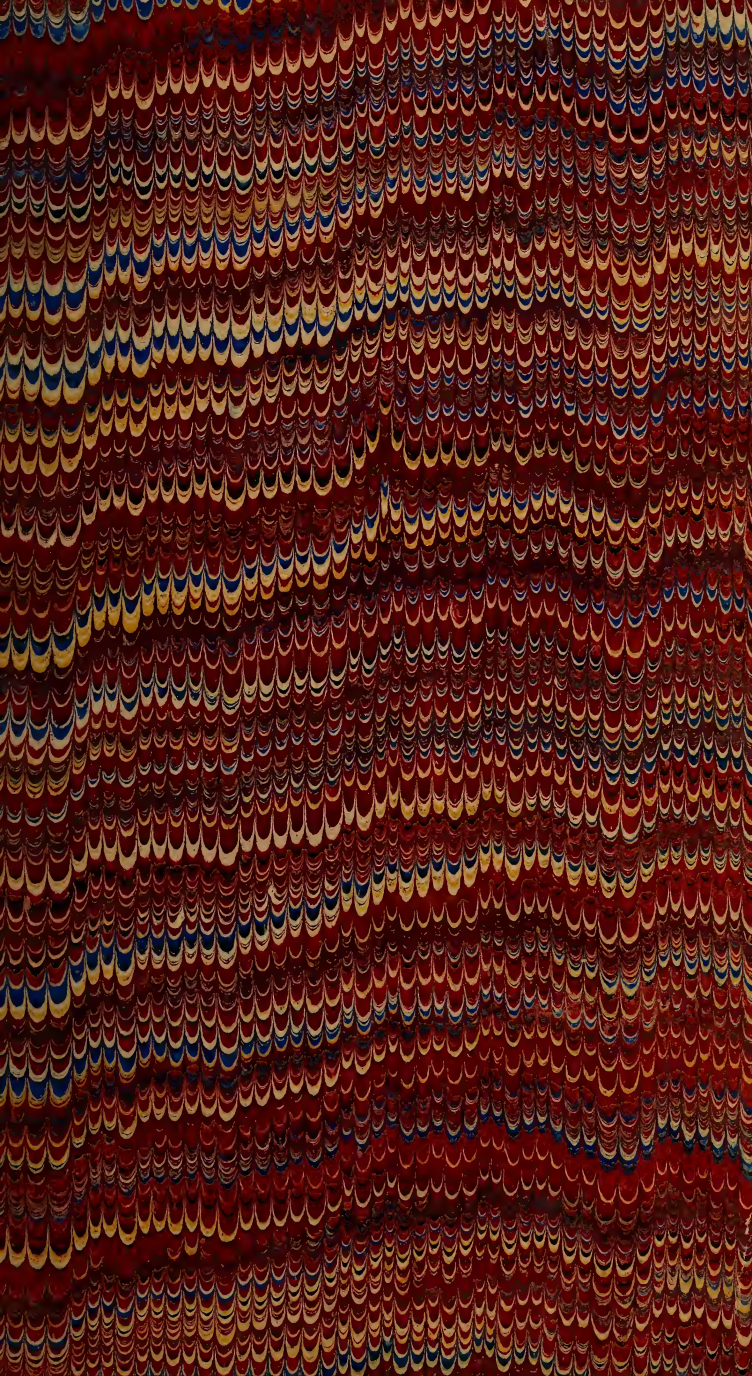
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1807

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



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A
PROSPECT



OF

P O E T R Y,

WITH OTHER POEMS,

BY THE

✓
REV. JAMES DELACOUR.

..... EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM.

CORK:

PRINTED BY JOHN HARRIS, CASTLE-STREET.

.....

1807.

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1807

M. Harrington

PROSPECT OF POETRY.

M. TO THE *Harrington*

EARL OF CORKE AND ORRERY. *Pope*

WHAT various styles to diff'rent strains belong,
What time to rise or when to sink in song;
To thee, best judge of this refin'd delight,
O! born to genius, lo! the muses write;
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bid each art excel,
And smile on merit which you grace so well;
To make mankind a nobler Broghill see,
And find their long-lost Halifax in thee:
Few now remain to say who sung before,
Parnel is dead—and Addison no more!
The few remaining time will sweep away,
And Pope and Swift must shortly follow Gay;
These only left of all the tuneful quire,
Garth, Steele, Rowe, Congreve, Wycherly and Prior;

These only left, the world's great loss declare,
 And serve to shew us what these wonders were.
 To you, my Lord, the muses turn their eyes,
 On Orrery the letter'd world relies;
 Their antient honours let a Boyle restore,
 And be whate'er was Orrery before:
 O! chief in courts to lay the peer aside,
 Weed vice from dignity, from titles pride,
 Great without grandeur, generous without views,
 For ever bounteous and yet ne'er profuse:
 No less by nature noble than by name,
 The bloom of breeding and the flow'r of fame:
 Approv'd a patron at thy natal hour;
 Think'st thou to 'scape the praises in their pow'r?
 Tho' from Britannia's strains and Albion's shore,
 You flee to deserts* but to blaze the more;
 They'll search you out, discover where you shine,
 Publish your worth, and frustrate your design.

So in the gloom the diamond darts its light,
 Tho' thick encircl'd with surrounding night;
 The kindling darkness breaks before the ray,
 And on the eye-ball bursts the brilliant day.

Sage Temple writes a spark of native fire,
 Excels whatever learning can acquire;†
 In poetry this observation's true,
 Without some genius fame will ne'er ensue;

Such

* His Lordship coming into Ireland.

† Sir William Temple.

Observe how Sappho paints the lover's pain,*
What various passions animate her strain!
Her colour fades, she faints in tender lays,
Her pulse beats languid and her sense decays;
Then in a rapid tide of passions tost,
Her weak tongue falters and her voice is lost;
Again her soul revives, her breath returns,
Again she shivers, and again she burns:
Each reader's bosom feels her various care,
Warm'd by her flame or chill'd by her despair.

Tost as the sea, by passions let the soul,
Like the brine sparkle, like the billows roll;
Then anger kindles in the warriors eyes,
And earth usurps the thunder of the skies;
See how they mount upon the groaning car,
Shake the long lance and o'ertake the war;
Aloft in air resounds the whirling thong,
The horses fly, the chariot smokes along;
The foaming couriers press upon their heels,
Back run the lines beneath the whirling wheels;
Fleeter than light they flash along the fields,
And suns by thousands blaze upon their shields;
The twisted serpents round their helmets roll'd,
Must hiss in verse and bite in burnish'd gold:

The

* This lady, more remarkable for wit than beauty, was mistress to Alcæus, yet so cruel to her lover, that one day upon his saying he had something to say to her, but was ashamed to speak it, she replied, that if it was fit for her to hear he would not be so tedious about it; they both flourished about the 44th Olympiad.

The war breaks in—now millions are no more,
And a long groan pursues the gushing gore:
Spears, darts and jav'lines launch along the sky,
Plunge into blood, or into shivers fly:
Thus let your heroes rage, by Mars possess'd,
And feel an Iliad rising in thy breast;
But soon cement those wounds, let discord cease,
And warring worlds unite in friendly peace.

Hence sounds in softer notes must learn to move,
And melting music rise the voice of love!
Let Tubal's lute in skilful hands appear,
And pour new numbers on the list'ning ear;
With the full organ let them sweetly swell,
With the loud trumpet languishingly shrill:
Or in soft concord let the concert suit,
The sprightly clarion with the Dorian flute:
Then wake to vocal airs the warbling wire,
Let the strings run beneath the poet's fire;
While sorrow sighs, ah! never let them cool,
But melt melodious on the soften'd soul:
So may the passions wait upon your hand,
Move as you move, and act as you command.

And here Arion's harp may swell the strain,
Or smoothe your numbers as it smoothe'd the main;
When wond'ring fiends to its sounds advanc'd,
And bounding dolphins o'er the billows danc'd;
Admiring Tritons round the music play,
And angry seas in measure roll away:

A tide of rapture rose as he requir'd,
White work'd the waves and foam'd as he inspir'd;
The billows beat upon the sounding string,
And thro' the hollow harp the waters ring.

As on a moon-light night when Neptune calls,
His finny courfers from their coral stalls;
From some white clift whose brow reflects the deep,
He leads them forth and bids the billows sleep;
The waves obey: so still a silence reigns,
That not a wrinkle curls the wat'ry plains;
Like floating Mercury the waves appear,
And the sea whitens with a heav'n so clear:
Before him Triton blows his twist'd shell,
And distant sea-nymphs know the signal well;
In long procession the Cærulean train,
With joy confess the sov'reign of the main:
Such were the raptures of the sea-green race,
When sweet Arion cross'd the wat'ry space;
When first his fingers felt the music rise,
And mix'd in melody the seas and skies.

On land Amphion swells the magic song,
And round his fingers moving mountains throng;
At ev'ry stroke he sees fair Thebes aspire,
Walls rise on walls and temples soaring higher:
At ev'ry stroke new wonders deck the strain,
The big creation of a poet's brain!

Hear how Timotheus wraps the soul in sounds,
And drops the notes like balm upon her wounds;

The moulded measures querulous decay,
 'Till a swift tremor sweeps the sounds away;
 By sweet degrees again they gather near,
 Recover fast and thunder on the ear;
 Down the broad brass his bold hands brush the tones,
 The long string leaps and vibrates into groans;
 Let furious Saul be figur'd to thy mind,
 So mad—as not to be by verse confin'd;
 With music arm'd the sweet musician stands,
 And o'er the golden cordage spreads his hands;
 The monarch's looks are fix'd upon the strings,
 And his eyes languish as young David sings;
 His fury falls as that begins to rise,
 And all his soul seems starting from his eyes!

But chief the music of the spheres must please,
 If sounds celestial warble in thy lays;
 When the three Parcæ, fate's fair offspring born,
 The world's great spindle at its axle turn;
 Round which eight spheres in beauteous order run,
 And as they turn revolving time is spun;
 Whose motions all things upon earth ordain,
 Whence revolutions date their fickle reign;
 These rob'd in white at equal distance thron'd,
 Sit o'er the spheres and twirl the spindle round,
 On each of which a Siren loudly sings,
 As from the wheel the fatal thread she flings;
 The Parcæ answer, in the quire agree,
 And all those voices make one harmony.*

To

* This is an excellent allegory of Plato's, who would hereby intimate that all things obey the divine law, and concur to produce those effects which are consequences of the causes God has established.

To Titian turn, to Raphael praises give,
 Hence picture rose and shadows seem to live;
 On Guido look, to Rubens rear thine eye,
 Where each bold figure seems a stander by;
 Trophies and triumphs by Mantegna's hand*
 In martial order on the canvas stand;
 With hints of glory fire the warlike soul,
 And bid like motions in our bosoms roll;
 Here Verrio's colours glow expos'd to fight,
 And sky-dipt pencils stream with liquid light;
 Thy art, O Kneller! asks a sister's praise,
 So may thy paintings beautify my lays;
 Whether young blushes ripen in thy lines,
 Or verdant landscapes wave in green designs,
 Thro' which the sun emerging from the main,
 In floods of purple drowns the leafy scene;
 A mimic vista stretches wide between,
 Where gold appears diversify'd with green;
 Shades rise on shades, on colours colours flow,
 And transient shadows undulate below.

So when Aurora mounts the rosy east,
 And light's warm blushes redden o'er her breast;
 A thousand suns her orient rays unfold,
 And ev'ry leaf is sprinkl'd o'er with gold;
 The glitt'ring spangles burn the woodland shade,
 Tree, stream and bush in nature's gold array'd:

* Andrea Mantegna, born at Padua, anno. 1431, was admirable for History-painting and Perspective: the best of his pieces are the triumphs of Julius Cæsar now at Hampton-Court.

The burnish'd rills in softer silver show,
 And dash'd with purple glance their waves below;
 Ten thousand shadows skim the colour'd stream,
 And o'er the silver shoots the crimson gleam.

Next let Prometheus boast his godlike art,
 And let a wonder from his fingers start;
 An angel form! by ev'ry poet sung,
 Love in her looks and music in her tongue.*

So when the sun with all enliv'ning ray,
 On Memnon's lips first strikes the golden day;
 The hard flint utters melancholy sounds,
 And from the stone sweet harmony rebounds.†

Before Lycippus' courser neighs the steed,
 And fond Pygmalion clasps his iv'ry maid;
 Where Niobe, in beauteous sorrow shown,
 Melts into tears and hardens into stone:
 Beside his chissel let mount Athos stand,‡
 Heave into form and groan beneath his hand;

While

* I must beg leave here to dissent from the general opinion of commentators, that it was a man Prometheus formed, for it was undoubtedly a woman, in order to propagate his species for the future in a natural way.

† The statue of Memnon, son of Aurora, according to Herodotus, was made of stone and not of brass.

‡ It was proposed to Alexander the Great to turn mount Athos into a statue of this monarch, with the ocean, in a basin in one hand, and a large city in the other.

While on one spacious palm he pours the sea,
And his broad fingers form an ample bay;
The other grasps a wide extended town,
Whose regal walls un-number'd turrets crown:
Thus was the son of earth suppos'd to rise,
O'er-look the globe, and climb into the skies,
To scare the gods with his enormous height,
A second Titan soaring out of fight!

So near proud Rhodes, across the founding main,
The world's just wonder brav'd the winds and rain,
While round his head the rattling tempests blow,
And wat'ry mountains break in foam below;
On Neptune's back the round Colossus rides,
Deaf to the roarings of the wind and tides.

There Phidias bids the breathing statue move,
In living sculpture not unworthy Jove;
From age to age Cleomenes shall charm,
And his carv'd Venus future warriors warm,*
In fair proportion from beholders turn,
And o'er her cheek the blushing marble burn.

See with Silenus youthful Bacchus vie,
And the flint sparkling in his jovial eye;
Round his full temples grapes luxuriant spread,
Vine-leaves and clusters dangle o'er his head:
On a tame tiger, taught his load to bear,
He rides in rock and shakes his ivy spear.

There

* The Venus of Medicis.

There good Aurelius almost looks a groan!
 And thunderbolts descend in figur'd stone;*
 Great Alexander weeps his ensigns furl'd,
 And bids his fire create another world.

Here let thy graver thro' rock diamond run,†
 The heav'n-hued sapphire sparkle in the sun;
 The wounded ruby ope its bleeding vein,
 And the red streams the virgin paper stain;
 Here link your jewels in a blazing string,
 Let the green em'rald look like smiling spring,
 The yellow topaz boast a golden hue,
 And slipp'ry agate shine in veins of blue;
 Let these in chrystal caskets charm the sight,
 Terrestrial stars and children of the light!
 Like the rich bow athwart th' ætherial plain,
 That burns in show'rs and fire imbibes from rain.

Now let your muse to architecture change,
 Plunge in the bath or thro' the palace range,
 Heave the huge mole or bid the column rise,
 Or point the obelisk to pierce the skies:

Palladio

* This curious piece of sculpture is on the pillar of the Emperor Antonine, one of the noblest designs in the world: it is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius raining on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius and thundering on that of his enemies: it was on this occasion that the Christian religion got the name of Fulminatrix.

† These lines are to be understood of antiques, arms and cyphers cut in precious stones; Pyrgoteles a famous sculptor hardly graved on any thing else but jewels.

Palladio here must think in ev'ry line,
 And deep Vitruvius scan the whole design;
 The works of Solomon and him of Tyre,*
 Direct the plan and all your taste inspire:
 In due proportion ev'ry pillar rear,
 Nor let the orders be confounded there;
 Where the Corinthian stands in flut'd rows,
 Let not the martial Doric interpose;
 Nor where the Tuscan lifts th' imperial urn,†
 Suffer the next Ionic shaft to turn;‡
 But chief that chaos called Composite shun,
 Which begs from all and yet belongs to none.

So Babel's battlements began to rise,
 Left earth below and labour'd up the skies;
 The mighty bulwark threaten'd heav'n's abode,
 And bid the mounting world ascend to God:
 And they had now been there—but heav'n look'd down,
 Their skill's confounded and their tow'r o'erthrown;
 Tongues, pillars, orders to confusion turn,
 And disappointed mankind seem'd to mourn.

Here

* Hiram.

† Trajan's pillar at Rome was the first of this order, the spire of which was appointed for the Emperor's ashes; on this occasion the Romans disdaining to borrow from the Grecians invented one of their own, from thence called the Tuscan or Roman order. Evelyn of Achi.

‡ The famous Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, which took up 200 years in building, was of this order. Vid. Palladio.

Here Egypt's pyramids must heave sublime,
And blunt the teeth of all decaying time;
Beneath whose weight the burden'd earth must groan,
A pond'rous pile of monumental stone:
Strong bars of adamant the marble lock,
And links of iron chain the solid rock;
Beneath whose summit tow'ring eagles fly,
A pointed mountain ending in the sky.

Proud Babylon with brazen gates behold,
And proud Euphrates in her bosom roll'd;
Walls which Semiramis with turrets crown'd,
And colour'd brick with black bitumen bound;
A second Eden here Nitrocris trod,
In penfile gardens worthy of a God;
So grand the costly structure hung in air,
It seem'd not built, but first created there:
Here trees and flow'rs in wat'ry figures rise,
And fruitage ripen nearer to the skies;
Fair fountains fall in silver streaming floods,
And artificial rainbows paint the clouds;
With various-colour'd light the water burn'd,
Against the sun in artful arches turn'd;
Nor were the golden pipes by Sirius dry'd,
The river still the water-works supply'd.

Here let the boaster fall from man to beast,
Eat grafs with brutes or on rude acorns feast,
Driv'n from his throne in dens to pass the day,
To herd with wolves and howl the night away.

So wild Lycaon fled his own abode,*
 Chang'd by the vengeance of an angry God,
 On shaggy feet ran howling thro' the plain,
 And mingl'd nightly with the prowling train.

Here let the muse awhile delighted rest,
 Pleas'd with the prospect op'ning in her breast,
 The wide horizon and the world survey,
 As thro' the walks her fancy loves to stray.

Invention! ah how beautiful art thou!
 I feel thy sudden inspiration now;
 Thy whispers prompt me, and the pleasing strife,
 Of infant thought just strug'ling into life:
 The new-born offspring longs to try its feet,
 And run thro' verse with voluntary heat;
 This was the nymph that did wise Numa please,†
 And this the genius of great Socrates.

Like some smooth mirror see Euphrates glide,
 Thro' Duras' plains and spread his bosom wide;
 On whose broad surface wat'ry landships lie,
 And bending willows shade the downward sky;

D

There

* The story of Lycaon may possibly be taken from Nebuchadnezzar, for priding himself in the grandeur of those gardens which he caused to be built for his Queen, who loved the prospects of Media, he was in the same place and moment changed into a wild beast.

† Ægeria.

There floating forests mixt with meadows move,
 And the green glass reflects the flow'rs above;
 Shepherds and sheep along the picture stray,
 And with the water seem to slide away:
 In the blue gleam the park and walls appear,
 And gilded barges mixt with grazing deer;
 The huntsman sounds—the frighted shadow flies,
 Thro' flocks, greens, shepherds, barges, hounds and skies.

Thus in a room where light can only pass,
 Thro' the small circle of a convex glass;
 O'er the stain'd sheet amusing shadows slide,
 Clouds float in air and ships along the tide:
 In rural posture fields and oxen show,
 Trees wave, streams run, and colour'd blossoms glow.

'Tis thus when spring's soft vernal blooms appear,
 And throw a glory round a youthful year;
 Or summer blazing o'er the heav'nly blue,
 When swarming insects dip their wings in dew:
 In autumn too the same mild scene delights,
 To view the water and enjoy the nights;
 Nor less loud winter wilder bliss denies,
 When Boreas bids the broad Euphrates rise;
 Then peaceful images amuse no more,
 But thro' the bridge the sounding surges roar,
 Wide dashing, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore,
 The distant billow seems the heav'ns to lave,
 And the horizon stoops to drink the wave.

So the loud Euxine, whose compulsive fway,
Ne'er yet knew ebb or swift reflux of sea,
Rolls on eternal and directly beats,
Against black Bosphorus' tempestuous streights;
The Dardanelles behold its low'ring front,
Gloom the Propontis and the Hellespont.

Now swell your style and let the flood conform,
To the rous'd tempest and the roaring storm;
In verse as rough let ev'ry torrent move,
Froth the vext waves and curl their heads above;
Let the green tide turn white with abrupt shock,
And break the salt surge on the rugged rock:
Not so where mazy rills meand'ring shine,
The running silver trickles thro' the line;
In smoother notes the whisp'ring waters purl,
The brook falls tuneful and the waves uncurl;
Hence images of diff'rent kinds abound,
In all the volubility of sound,
Apply'd to subjects corresponding flow,
Some loudly rough and others sweetly low.
Hence various styles appear in war and peace,
And ev'ry style has its peculiar grace;
In epics here a hero strides away,
And there Amintor tunes his oaten lay;
While o'er the lawn the lambkins frisk along,
And with their bleatings fill the rural song;
Or when still ev'ning reddens o'er the sky,
It bids her blushes round the welkin fly;
In each soft cloud some colour is exprest,
'Till with united glories burns the west:

Then swarm the flies, the tinsel'd people run,
 To bid adieu to the departing sun;
 With airy music sip the milky steams,
 And gild their coats in light's declining beams;
 Add that at eve cool Zephyr wakes the breeze,
 And sits in sighs upon the shiv'ring trees;
 Add that at eve Etesian breezes wake,
 With coming gales the leaves are seen to shake,
 Still trembling onward with th' approaching blast,
 'Till on the dimply pool it breathes at last,
 Before the wind the water curls in rings,
 And the fann'd ocean frowns beneath his wings:
 Hence Lyrics make the fields and swains rejoice,
 Or elegy lifts up her mournful voice;
 The buskin'd hero treads the crowded stage,
 Or comic humour smiles along the page;
 There Athens friend, Themistocles, appears,*
 And Cato glorious in his country's tears;
 Thy lips Timoleon seal thy brother's doom,
 And Brutus bleeds in both his sons for Rome;
 Varanes there admires the bloody sign
 Hung o'er the head of kneeling Constantine;
 On Cannæ's field see Paulus bath'd in gore,†
 And Cæsar pass the Rubicon once more.

Thus

* Themistocles autem quem virtus sua victorem, injuria patriæ imperatorem Persarum fecerat; ut se ab ea oppugnanda abstineret, instituto sacrificio, exceptum patera, tauri sanguinem hausit, & ante ipsam aram quasi quædam pietatis clara victima concidit. Valer. Max. de pietate erga patriam.

† Paulus Emilius.

Thus he to whom the tuneful charms belong,
Of sacred numbers and harmonious song;
Whom Pæan's art did at his birth inspire,
With a sweet finger for the muses lyre;
To whom the gift of genius fate had giv'n,
That golden blessing of indulgent heav'n!
Must study music to improve his art,
And thro' the ear find entrance to the heart;
While art and nature equally unite,
Sound smooth the sense, and grace make wit polite;
His easy lines unlabour'd seem to flow,
Yet such that ease as pains alone bestow:
While the fond reader charm'd with ev'ry strain,
Snatches a quill to imitate in vain.

Next it were fit that picture claim'd his care,
A well bred man should every science share:
From hence what beauties may not poets take?
Hence learn in verse to paint the rattling snake;
Thro' the gilt page he twists in colour'd lines,
And round the leaf in curling volumes twines;
The reader thinks he sees the serpent slide,
And almost feels him thro' his fingers glide.

Let Helen's beauty kindle sweet desire,
In Zeuxis' colours and with Homer's fire;*

Compare

* Zeuxis from the choice of five naked virgins drew that wonderful picture of Helen, which Cicero, in his book *De Oratore*, sets before us as the most perfect example of beauty; and Julio Romano formed his taste and completed his *Gusto* by reading Homer.

Compare them both and miss no single charm,
But let each blush with equal spirit warm;
The fine complexion let the graces spread,
And Pæstan roses paint her cheeks with red;
While Venus bids her airs around her play,
And Phœbus fills her eyes with tender day.

But Thornhill's draughts shall future hints supply,
As long as Kenfington with Greenwich vie;*
Where round her roof a thousand colours glow,
And Britain's rivers round the ceiling flow.
Here bold description with her pencil stands,
To roll the billows over shining sands;
Strong on the eye th' inverted figures fall,
And the rich cornice sets on fire the wall:
Thame on his anchor here supports his head,
And Humber heavy with his pigs of lead;
While Avon's waters into Severn roll,
And the Tine tumbles out her mines of coal;
There in green gold the Medway seems to burn,
And pour down fishes from her foaming urn;
While silver Isis joins her husband Thame,
And in each other loose their ancient name.

In sculpture too proportion learns to please,
When ev'ry beauty swells by nice degrees;
Where by the chissel's meant the poets pen,
That files and polishes the works of men;

Softens

* See this famous Ceiling in the great Hall of Greenwich Hospital, painted by Sir James Thornhill.

Softens the rugged surface of the song,
Yet turns the features regular and strong;
Commands the limbs in attitude to rise,
And live and walk before the reader's eyes.

Beneath her palm hence sun-burnt Egypt's seen,
The rough'n'd fret-work suits the matron's mein:
In molten ore Minerva lends her aid,
And lifts to life the rude unletter'd maid;
Rais'd by her hand Nile's daughter quits the ground,
Hardens her mummies, hears her cythrum sound,
Tow'rs like her pyramids sublimely bold,
And almost rises half her height in gold.

So the slack rope the dext'rous dancer tries,
Poiz'd on a pole betwixt air, earth and skies,
Walks o'er the waves of heads that roll below,
His limbs look supple and his steps tread slow:
Beneath his foot the sturdy cable bends,
Mounts as he moves and drops as he descends:
Back start the crowd—he, glorying in his strength,
Springs on his feet and rises half his length.

By architecture last he lays the scheme,*
And by some model bids his genius flame:
Works up the whole and sees the building shine,
In all its parts with conduct and design:

The

* Palladio lays down but five orders of architecture, and Longinus but five fountains for the sublime.

The poem rais'd upon so fine a plan,
The test, the wonder, and delight of man,
Will stand the shocks and injuries of time,
Built upon nature and the true sublime.

Thus life-resembling allegory lies,
Behind a veil remote from vulgar eyes:
Transparent veil! in hieroglyphicks wrought,
Which only covers not obscures the thought;
Where silver urns express the figur'd flood,
And more is meant than first is understood,
Old age and time in hoary forms appear,
And proper emblems represent the year;
There oft blue Neptune for the sea is seen,
And rivers rising from their beds in green;
In golden lines th' autumnal season glows,
And winter thro' a blust'ring period blows.
Here brother-twins unbar rude fancy's gate,
Dress her wild dreams! and on the goddess wait,
Romantic dreams! from superstition sprung,
Which Aristo taught and Spencer sung.
Then ev'ry grotto in its genius spoke,
And Hamadryads from each hollow oak;
Ev'n Eccho learn'd to answer to her name,
And babbl'd louder than the babbling stream.

Now when some rival poem you peruse,
O let not envy blind the partial muse!
Where merit is esteem it as your own,
And in its triumph let your light be shown;

Let

Let Albion ask from whence an author came,
And judge according to the writer's name;
Scotch, English, Irish, be alike to you,
And gladly give an infidel his due:
Scorn that mean artifice of unjust praise,
Nor think to flatter is to gain the bays;
These two extremes the worthy well despise,
Who hate with reason and with reason prize.

And yet to malice sure I a'm much oblig'd,
On ev'ry side by calumny besieg'd,
To critics much I owe who make me mend,
And envy I cou'd almost call my friend:
These taught my youthful steps an early care,
To thread with caution and proceed with fear;
Oft in my mind their black aspersions came,
And made me tremble at the love of fame;
Ev'n now I dread their jealousy and spite,
And faint in fancy ev'ry line I write.

How long before the muses can succeed;
To please the world is now a task indeed!
All former methods vainly we pursue,
The world is old and calls for something new.
Nothing will take with this judicious age,
But lines well-labour'd and a studi'd page:
Where rich variety relieves the mind,
And beams of fancy strike the critic blind;
Exalted notions which great souls contain,
Thoughts big with life and bursting from the brain;

Surprising novelties that never tire,
But lead the reader on from fire to fire.

Avoid the harshness of discordant chime,
Sense ill atones for violated rhyme;
RR's jar untuneful o'er the quiv'ring tongue,
And serpent S with hissing spoils the song:
When triplets like the furies join their hands,
Unlock their folds and break their lawless bands;
Else Cerb'rus like the threefold monster stands. }
'Tis true a triplet might succeed by chance,
And even twelve feet judiciously advance;
But those experiments are fatal found,
And seldom us'd but when we call for sound;*
All Alexandrines from the page expunge,
That o'er the paper take a long unwieldy lounge.

Compounded epithets had need be few,
But those familiar and uncommon too;
Some oft like Janus wear a double face,
A mongrel-mixture and a motley race;
With those the mountains must be always bleak,
And no kind northwind stir the sleeping lake;
But ever fanning breezes cool the morn,
And suns red-rising the gray dawn adorn.

Others

* For instance in Mr. Pope's Homer, where the blood is made to trickle down the leg, through the length of an Alexandrian verse.

"And down his snowy thigh distill'd the streaming flood."

POPE'S HOMER.

Others to wild description turn their style,
Make storms blow gently and black whirlwinds smile;
From each dark point the scatt'ring clouds disperse,
And gleams of golden sun-shine gild the verse:
Without Appollo's necessary aid,
What is description? an eternal shade.
Weak eyes and judgments glaring objects strike;
Both are but dazzl'd and deceiv'd alike.

But above all avoid that firen sea,
Where men of wit are often cast away;
A tempting vice long mention'd in the schools,
The pride of coxcombs and the food of fools:
Here vanity holds forth her flatt'ring glass,
And self-conceit adores her swelling face;
Where rival worth in vain pretends to vie,
And ev'ry virtue lessens in her eye,
With their own lightnings oft the fair she warms,
And melts the heart of beauty by its charms;
The dart directed at the man of wit,
Flies wing'd with quills with which his genius writ;
The shaft that's pointed at the breast of beaux,
Is fledg'd with feathers or brocaded clothes;
And statesmen who, like me, are least afraid,
Are caught in nets which they themselves have laid.

To charge with gen'rous thoughts the clearest head,
Consult the living and read o'er the dead;
Where ancient wisdom grows more wise with age,
And hoary seniors dignify the page;

Time's eldest born! fires gray to us in fame!
 The ancient's glory but the modern's shame.
 Supreme of those inspir'd Plato see,
 A name rever'd by all antiquity:
 Pride of his sect and honour of his kind,
 A worthy heathen with a christian mind;
 Whose style and manner moderns like so well,
 That he alone Delany* cou'd excel.

In those fam'd days of literature and taste,
 Liv'd Porphyry's tutor and Zenobia's guest!
 Aurelian's dread! endow'd with ev'ry art,
 In which the two Minerva's claim a part;
 Whose character survives in the sublime,
 As the best judge and critic of his time.†

How courtier like gay Horace ridicules,
 While he refines on Aristotle's rules;
 By Pindar taught to tune th' Ausonian lyre,
 With Grecian elegance and Roman fire:
 In him Alcæus thunders once again,
 'Temper'd by Sappho's more harmonious strain;
 While in thick fits her softer lightnings play,
 Flash thro' the lines and doubly gild the day.

Read Cicero; consider Plutarch well,‡
 What man he was let Chæroneia tell:

In

* The greatest of Divines.—See his Revelation examined with candour, and the life of King David.

† Longinus.

‡ Plutarch, of reading the poets.

In Arne long this patriot pass'd his days,
Nor could boation climes obscure his praise;
To him the noblest heroes lives were known,
Who studi'd others to improve his own.

The Mantuan swan on Mincio's margin sings,
Or o'er Cremona claps his mourning wings,
To Tyber's banks and solitudes retires,
And mid his poplars feels poetic fires:
Courts the cool osier's green refreshing bed,
Or thro' the willows shows his silver head;
Or sails with transport down the tuneful tide,
Sweet-warbling Vida swimming by his side:
At Naples too they tell those birds are seen,
To keep together on the haunted green;
Brundusium oft with sudden song surprise,
And warble as they journey thro' the skies;
To mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
And lands belov'd by Virgil long before.

See heav'n descend in Homer's awful lines,
Where all the god and all the hero shines;
Behind Achilles lags devouring death,
And the lines run the reader out of breath.
Thunders and lightnings blaze before his eyes,
Blue streams the sulphur from poetic skies!
Line after line the flood of light rolls on,
Foams to a fire, and brightens to a sun!

These are the oracles of learning now,
Consult these books, and to those Sibyls bow;

These

These are the lights that call good actions forth,
 Revive their value and emblaze their worth;
 By those great souls shall Regulus be tri'd,
 And the brave Decii who for freedom di'd.

And is there not with whom you may advise?
 A friend to relish and to criticise;
 One who has prov'd how hard it is to please,
 Not first to blame nor yet the last to praise;
 With whose good sense an author might be free,
 And whose good nature ne'er was flatt'ry:
 When such the character, and such that shines,
 The name of Lawfon* need not end those lines;
 Such late was Parnel—oh! too slightly mourn'd,
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry muse adorn'd!
 By Swift belov'd, by Pope lamented most,
 Lost to the world—to wit and friendship lost—
 Yet shall he live while taste is kept alive,
 And his lov'd Plato in his verse revive;
 Yet shall he live as long as truth shall charm
 In mystick fable, or fair virtue warm;
 The first remember'd in our weak essays,
 With honour mention'd, dignifi'd with praise.

Nor let proud Albion thus her neighbours scorn,
 As if her sons alone were poets born;
 We too may boast ourselves the sons of fame,
 Nor are we foreign to that sacred name:

Juvena's

* Doctor John Lawfon.—See his character by Mr. Doyn, in his translation of Tasso's Jerusalem.

Juvena's genius yet shall wear the bay,
And drink as deep of Helicon as they;
In spite of all our hopeful foes abroad,
Prevail at last and soar into a god;
The Dunciad comes, sure omen of their fate,
And Ireland yet may be the muses seat.

O! cou'd I live to see my country shine,
Our sable cliffs invite the tuneful nine;
Those barren rocks with bays immortal smile,
And Phœbus blefs his once-beloved isle:
O! gladly then with life itself I'd part,
My country's glories throbbing at my heart!

What's to be done in this august affair?
First let us banish all our foreign ware;
Our foolish fondness for Italian lays,
And look at home for bards and better days:
Roscommon, Parnel—both alas are lost!
And few, indeed, the present times can boast:
Yet let those few be valued as they shou'd,
Here shew your taste and judgment to be good;
Judgment! that touch-stone that directs our thoughts,
That shews us all our beauties with our faults;
Sound judgment will direct us what to do,
And how to think of men and manners too;
Wit join'd with judgment gilds good sense with light,
As diamond solid, and as diamond bright!

Thus far a youthful muse presum'd to sing,
To growing bards upon a vent'rous wing;

In cloister'd shades and academic groves,
Whose peaceful glooms a musing fancy loves;
Where learn'd Usher blest'd the reverend pile,
And Alma's glories in her Berkley smile;
Where mitred Brown* indulg'd the thoughtful hours,
In sage recesses and Athenian bow'rs;
Where Parnel wak'd the long forgotten strain,
And old Ierne strings her harp again:
Here pleas'd to listen to the well-known sound,
And hail our mother rising from the ground;
Shake off the dust that soil'd the silent wire,
And tune once more her venerable lyre,
While green with ivy grow her awful walls,
And from her face the Druid's mantle falls;
Along the park beneath the quiv'ring trees,
I walk retir'd and court the cooling breeze,
Where the tall elms project the brownest shade,
There oft the muses wander thro' the glade;
There oft I follow beauty with surprise,
And drink sweet numbers from inspiring eyes;
With eager steps I cross the verdant stage,
And soon transplant 'em to my borrow'd page;
Each maid I meet I set her graces down,
Hence critics say those thoughts are not my own.

Fine is the secret, delicate the part,
To praise with prudence and address with art;

Encomium

* Doctor Peter Brown, deceased, bishop of Cork, and formerly provost of T. C. D.—See his sermons.

A PROSPECT OF POETRY.

Encomium chiefly is that kind of wit,
Where compliments should indirectly hit ;
From diff'rent subjects take their sudden rise,
And least expected cause the more surprize:
“ For none have been with admiration read,
“ But who beside their learning were well bred.”*
Such suit all tastes, on ev’ry tongue remain,
Forbid our blushes and prevent our pain ;
Such subjects best a Boyle might understand,
These call, my Lord, for an uncommon hand ;
To turn the finer features of the soul,
To paint the passions sparkling as they roll ;
The pow’r of numbers, the superior art,
To wind the springs that move the beating heart ;
With living words to fire the blood to rage,
Or pour quick fancy on the glowing page :
This be thy praise, nor thou this praise refuse,
From no unworthy, nor ungrateful muse ;
A muse as yet unblemish’d as unknown,
Who scorns all flatt’ry and who envies none :
Of wrongs forgetful, negligent of fame,
Who found no patron, and who lost no name ;
Indiff’rent what the world may think her due,
Whose friends are many, tho’ her years are few.

F

LETTERS

* Essay on translated verse, by the Earl of Roscommon.

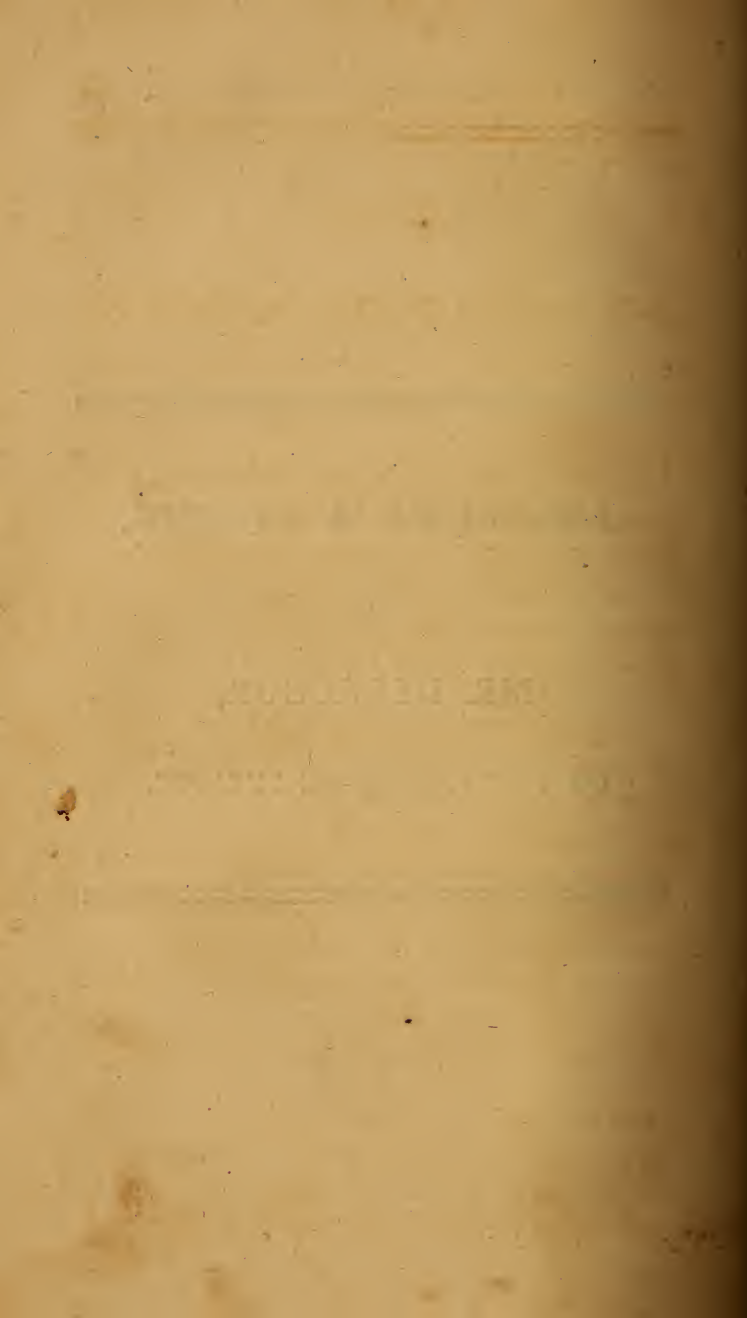
THE HISTORY OF THE

LETTERS & POEMS,

TO

MR. DELACOUR,

ON THE PRECEDING SUBJECT.



ON THE

PROSPECT OF POETRY.

FROM rural scenes where fame detests to stay,
Or if she comes is hurrying still away;
Where once an age your Phœbus will come down,
To do us honour in a country town;
Accept a gen'rous, but a poor return,
From broken fortunes and a life forlorn.

'Tis now some years, and age may tell the truth,
Since first I trod this fairy land of youth;
That fire I found misfortunes could remove,
And all my verses vanish'd with my love:
I view'd green fields as unregarded things,
And talk'd like other folks of groves and springs;
Cou'd smell a rose, and dream not of the fair,
Or praise a snow-drop, tho' the nymph was there:
At length I met your unaffected strain,
My soul dissolv'd, and I grew young again.

O! ever friendly, ever worthy praise!
Lov'd for thyself and lov'd for all thy lays!
Add that behaviour that endear'd thee long,
Add thy own temper sweeter than thy song;

Those

Those manners still that make thee more belov'd,
Yet ev'n those virtues pass not unprov'd;
For this thy soul in bitterness repines,
Or smiles indignant at the world's designs.

On Cupid's pinions sure thy fancy flew!
Ev'n beauty palls when not describ'd by you:
Picture invites the touches of thy pen,
And look Apelles' Venus lives again;*
The graces work upon the unfinish'd piece,
And put the last hand to the pride of Greece.

Nor cou'd Apelles paint a piece so true—
In silent colours still his pencil drew;
But you add words, and all at once express,
Music and painting by a vocal dress:
There pictur'd life in all its motions stirs,
And speaking picture with the eye confers;
The fluid sounds swell out with ev'ry tide,
The full notes fluctuate and the waves divide,
The verse becomes a channel to the main,
And the strong current fills the stronger strain.

Still from the fingers let new graces spring,
Still shake more music from the sounding string,
Swan-like continue warbling to the last,
And for the future please as in the past;

That

* The portrait of Venus inscribed to herself, by J. D. L. C.

That all mankind may help to make thee blest,
And thy own virtue far above the rest;
Prevailing goodness prove so much thy friend,
And so much honesty thy heart attend,
The world must own, with anger envy see,
How good men love to praise themselves in thee.

W. WALSH.

County of Clare, in Ireland.

ON THE

PROSPECT OF POETRY.

AS some lone trav'ler thro' the pensive shade,
Missing his way uncertain where to tread,
Affrighted turns, and if by chance he spies
Sulphurous flames from distant marshes rise;
'To them with lengthen'd strides in transport hastes,
But as he comes the bright delusion waxes:
Thus mock'd by vision, and by labour worn,
Sits down and waits the cheerful day's return.

So were we wand'ring in an age of night,
Led by false splendours and a glimm'ring light,
'Till you at length arose to charm the heart,
With moving nature and with matchless art;
From a wild chaos of eternal night,
Gather'd the scatter'd seeds of dubious light,
And with wise care digesting all in one,
Compos'd this glorious, this enliv'ning fun;
Whose vig'rous lustre and convincing ray,
Gives the whole truth's indubitable day.
No more let Rome or elder Greece appear
The objects of our study, praise and care;

Since

Since here a train of precepts we survey,
As greatly good, and as correct as they :
Thy thoughts from the grand body seem to grow,
Like verdant leaves that shade the parent bough :
Persuasive eloquence her aid bestows,
And each harmonious line with music flows.
O gen'rous youth pursue the grand design,
And be a Moses to thy darling nine,
See! learning ope her deep unfathom'd sea,
Confess thy mission and admit thy way ;
Then urge it on, restore with grateful toil,
The banish'd muses to their native soil.

Thy Siren lays still form a pleasing cheat,
And on my sense impose the dear decéit ;
In them we view'd the stream, the wood, the lawn,
So lively there the painted landscape's drawn!
That lost in rapture we deceive our ear,
And still the floating mirror murmurs here :
Their endless verdure by no storms shall fade,
While your smooth lines afford a grateful shade.

The bright perfections of the female kind
By you describ'd leave nature far behind!
From charm to charm my eyes incessant roll,
Devour thy beauties, and admire thy soul,
That cou'd describe the fair so many ways,
And in variety of beauty please.*

G

So

* The Progress of Beauty.

So when the moon leads on her radiant train,
A thousand fires adorn the gloomy scene :
The mingl'd glories cheer the ev'ning sky,
And pour their splendours on the ravish'd eye.

Forgive the muse, that in advent'rous verse,
Wou'd all the beauties of thy soul rehearse;
Content in hours of leisure thus to sing,
And load with music time's unwearied wing;
Nor think because that Pope approv'd thy lays,
That I shou'd therefore be induc'd to praise :
'Tis friendship bids me now those numbers choose,
And love the man abstracted from the muse :
Well-pleas'd alike with you my hours to spend,
Whether I choose the author or the friend.

Too soon that sweet society decays,
And we must both forsake those golden days;
No more, alas! to taste those joys again,
And friendship cherished here for years in vain,
Dejected thought! that those whom Alma bred,
One dome protected and one table fed,
Whose comfortable minutes danc'd away,
Like the calm evening of a summer's day,
When fortune calls them into sep'rate climes,
Shou'd never meet to tell of happier times;
Never to meet again ordain'd by fate,
Far from each other——and the muses seat.

C. WHITE, A. B.

Trinity-College, Dublin.

ON THE

PROSPECT OF POETRY.

HOW many vain attempts have been design'd?
As well to please as to improve the mind!
Both which in thee most happily unite;
Strange that instruction should so much delight.

So in Hesperia's ever blissful soil,
Autumn and spring alone are seen to smile;
At once the fruit displays its golden hues,
And opening buds their od'rous sweets diffuse.

Lur'd by thy precepts and enchanting tongue,
As if by magic, I too tempt the song;
While Orpheus' wonders are reviv'd by you,
And now, if ever, ancient fable's true:
Sublim'd by music, here the rough rocks rise
A growing pile! behold it greets the skies!
Or should the low'ring north impregn'd with rain,
Pour forth its storms to tempest up the main;
Breathe thy soft numbers!—and th' unruly sea
Smooths its broad face, and bears its rage away.
Nor with less glory in thy glowing lines
Than in his east the radiant planet shines;

How mild with lucid glances flows his ray,
When first he rises o'er the vernal day!
How noon-tide fires blaze o'er the heav'nly plains,
Gild the green vistas and adorn the scenes!

Long dead to music and the Druid's flame,
Our isle stood hindmost in the lists of fame;
'Till Parnel rose to charm the silent glade,
Then raptur'd nature smil'd thro' every mead;
But since fell death untimely stopt his tongue,
Hush'd his gay notes, his silver lyre unstrung;
Well pleas'd we view him breathe again in thee,
Heir to his numbers and his harmony.

So when once Atlas left the blest abodes,
Down heav'n had fall'n commix'd with all its gods;
If great Alcides, partner of their cares,
With strength enormous had not propp'd the spheres,
Content the gods thread o'er the star pav'd plain,
Nor thus secure with Atlas back again.

R. LLOYD, A. B.

Fanshewen, near Charleville.

IN

PROSPECTUM POESEÖS.

Reverendò amico JACOBO DELACOUR, A. B.

MMUSARUM imperium, lateq; potentia regna,
Celsus ab Aonio dum vertice, lumine Phœbi
Suffusus lustras; quæ te, Delacourte, perenni
Ardua pertingent vatum tentamina fama!

Jam nunc, ecce, parat quondam vocalis Ierne
(A te dum recipit Phœbi mandata parentis)
Gentilem reparare lyram, cantusq; ciere;
Occulta quamvis torperet fixa dolore
Diva diu, vocemq; premens suspiria misit.
Tu quæcunq; sacro dignaris tangere versu,
Gratior effingi passim natura videtur.
Rem, non verba, videt, mira qui illuditur arte
Lector, & absentem præsentit imagine formam.
Si leni zephyrus sylvas perfibilet aura,
Ille simul tactus vento recreatur inani:
Jam jam, parte alia si carminis, ardua rupes
Horrissono pelagi raucescat pulsa fragore,
Illi perculsas idem circumtonat aures.

Dum

Dum pulchram rerum feriem tua pagina volvit,
Continuo miri splendores ordine currunt:
Sic stellæ stellas, & signa sequentia signa,
Assurgunt oculis rapidi vertigine mundi,
Nec humile interea quidquam, parvumve tuemur,
Ardua sed toto fulgent miracula cœlo.

O Tantas cui mentis opes effudit Apollo!
Te musæ patriæq; decus, memor esto, debere;
Immeritò miserum comitatur copia Parcum,
Tu cum sis dives, fac ut videre benignus.

EDMUNDUS MURPHY, A. M.

EDITOR SELECTORUM LUCIANI DIALOGORUM.

ON THE

PROSPECT OF POETRY.

HAIL happy darling of the nine!
Parnassus now is wholly thine;
Let others round its bottom creep,
While you triumphant mount the steep,
And from its lofty tops look down,
On the poetic world, your own,
'Tis true the rich may poorly boast
Of large estates on some fair coast,
But happier thou, and richer still,
You're sovereign of this sacred hill.

JAMES CONOLLY.

Macromp.

TO
MR. JAMES DELACOUR,
IN IRELAND,
ON HIS
PROSPECT OF POETRY.

HAIL gently warbling Delacour, whose fame,
Spurning Hibernia's solitary coast,
Where small rewards attend the tuneful throng,
Pervades Britannia's well discerning isle;
In spite of all the gloomy minded tribe
That would eclipse thy merit—shall the muse
High soaring o'er the tall Parnassian mount,
With spreading pinions sing thy wond'rous praise,
In strains attun'd to the seraphic lyre,
Sing unappall'd, tho' mighty be the theme?
O! cou'd she in thy own harmonious strain,
Where softest numbers smoothly flowing glide
In trickling cadence; where the milky maze
Devolves in silence; by the harsher sound
Of hoarser periods still unruff'd, cou'd
Her lines but like thine own Euphrates flow?
Then might she sing in numbers worthy thee.

But

But what can language do, when fancy finds
Herself unequal to the lovely task?
Can feeble words thy vivid colours paint,
Or shew the sweets which inexhaustive flow?

Hearken ye woods, and long resounding groves,
Listen ye streams soft purling thro' the meads,
And hymning horrid, all ye tempests roar,
Awake ye woodlands, sing ye warbling larks
In wildly luscious notes; but most of all
Attend you grateful fair, attend the youth
Who sweetly sings of nature and of you:
From you alone his conscious breast expects
Its soft rewards, by sordid love of gain
Unbias'd, undebas'd; to meaner minds
Belong such narrow views, his nobler soul
Transported with a gen'rous thirst of fame,
Sublimely rises with expanded wings,
And thro' the lucid Empyrean soars.
So the young eagle wings its rapid way
Thro' heav'ns broad azure; sometimes springs aloft,
Now drops, now cleaves with even-waving wings
The yielding air, nor seas nor mountains stop
Its flight impetuous, gazing at the sun
With irretorted eyes, whilst he pervades
A trackless void, and unexplor'd before.

Long had the curious trav'ler strove to find
The ruins of aspiring Babylon

In vain—for nought the nicest eye could trace,
Save one wide wat'ry undistinguish'd waste,
But you with more than magic art have rais'd
Semiramis' city from its grave;
You have revers'd the scripture curse which said,
Dragons shall here inhabit; in your page
We view the rising spires, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders thro' the verdant maze;
In middle air the pendent gardens hang,
Tremendous cieling!—whilst no solar beam
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom beneath; the woods
Project above a sleep alluring shade;
The finish'd garden opens to the view
Wide stretching vista's, while the whisp'ring wind
Dimples along the breezy ruffled lake.
Now every tree irregular, and bush
Are prodigal of harmony, the birds
Frequent the ærial woods, and nature blushes
Asham'd to find herself outdone by art:
These and a thousand beauties cou'd I sing,
Collecting like the ever-toiling bee
From yonder mingled wilderness of flowers
The aromatic sweets; while you great youth,
O'er thy decaying country chief preside;
Be thou her genius call'd, inspire her youth
With noble emulation to arrive
At Helicon's fair font, which few, alas!
Save you, have tasted, of Hibernian youth.
Thy country, tho' corrupted brought thee forth

And

And deem'd her greatest ornament; and now
Regards thee as her brightest northern star.
Long may you reign as such, and shou'd grim time
With iron teeth deprive us of our Pope,
Then we'll transplant thy blooming laurels fresh
From your bleak shore to Albion's happier coast.

J. THOMSON.

AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

TO

MR. DELACOUR.

Marstow, December 15, 1733.

SIR,

I WAS resolv'd to be so early in my acknowledgments, that I had only allowed myself time cursorily to read over a Poem inscribed to me, which a few hours ago reached this place,* where I live the world forgetting, and I was in hopes by the world forgot. It was great pleasure to me when I was in Ireland to find the spirit of poetry arising there with fresh vigour: here it is sinking apace, and seems only kept up by Mr. Pope; but indeed he alone is sufficient to maintain it in its utmost splendour, for which reason I think we ought to wish him immortal in every sense.

I will not despair of returning you my thanks within these few months, in a country to which I should be very ungrateful if she did not possess the warmest wishes of my heart. In the mean time, Sir, though you are happy in many friends already, I hope you will do me the justice to add to them the name of

Your most obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

TO

* Somersetshire.

TO

THE AUTHOR.

London, September 10, 1734.

IT is with the utmost pleasure that I begin a correspondence with my dear nephew, on the subject of wishing you joy of your happy genius. The PROSPECT OF POETRY introduces you to many, and I heartily wish you may have a grateful reward for your pretty labours from some generous reader; indeed it is wrong to call so much beauty labour, but its pardonable in my sex to want proper language.

I shall hope to see you grace a pair of lawn sleeves in my time, and be assured that every advantage in life, that fortune can bless you with, shall always be a very great addition to my satisfaction.

I will not tire you longer; I wish you perfect happiness, and am
my dear,

Your affectionate humble Servant,

ELIZA. WALSH.

TO

MR. DELACOUR.

DEAR COUSIN,

IF I had not seen those just encomiums on the PROSPECT OF POETRY, I might have been tempted in humble prose to have aimed at something of this sort; but as it is difficult to praise justly without being thought guilty of flattery, I am glad those gentlemen have eased me of the fear of offending either on the one hand or the other: though I flatter myself that I feel all the several emotions of heart that those gentlemen do, in the variety of your style and beauty of expression, yet I am more struck with the judgment, learning and politeness of the author, which are the cause of these masterly strokes of poetry, than with the effects; though at the same time I must assure you that on account of its own merit, exclusive of any other consideration.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta;
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum.
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo:
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ
Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles.

VIRG. ECL. 5.

My mother is in high raptures when she hears your performance; and that you may lay as much stress upon her recommendation

commendation as it really deserves, I must do her the justice to say that, (though she is a very great enemy to fighting) yet upon my reading aloud the account of the death of Patroclus, out of the 16th book of Pope's translation of the Illiad, she told me it was very fine. I will not say how much you will oblige me, if you will endeavour to send me the Progress of Beauty, and any other of your offspring that are either elder or younger than this.

I have enclosed a criticism on our favourite Thomson, which I am the rather induced to do as it agrees with your rules on that subject; the gentleman who wrote it is a particular friend of mine, in whose company I have passed many agreeable hours when I was in Warwickshire, he is going to oblige the world with a poem upon hunting in blank verse, called the Chase: all the news I can pick up from the poetic world is, that we expect to see another performance of Mr. Thomson's this winter, and an elegant translation of Anacreon by an unknown hand, as to the two last works I know them only by character, I have a more intimate acquaintance with the former, and will venture to say that it will bring you over to be fond of that sort of poetry.

I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, and the rest of mankind, than to wish you such a situation of life as will be suitable to your merit, in doing which I am sure I pay full as great a compliment to those with whom you shall reside, as I do to you. Be assured that there is not, nor ever shall be, in this place, any person who can have a greater inclination to serve you than,

Your most affectionate kinsman,

And obedient humble Servant,

GROSSE OUTING.

P. S. I suppose you have seen Mr. Pope's last satire, were I to give my opinion of it I should say it was the first thing he ever writ,

writ, though I am ready to own it has many charms, yet I believe were the faults placed in the opposite scale, they would draw down the balance. I am thinking that if these satires last 'till the next age, the joke will cease, when the persons are no more, and posterity will have but an indifferent opinion of the author's humanity; for my own part I shall always believe that one ounce of good nature is worth a pound of wit.

London, August 29, 1734.

ABELARD TO ELOISA,

IN ANSWER TO

MR. POPE'S

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1729.

at illa.

Flet noctem, ramoq; sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstibus late loca questibus implet.

VIRG. GEOR. IV.

But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

DRYDEN.

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

P R E F A C E.

I DOUBT not in the least, but some will think it absurd to write a preface to so small a piece as this letter shews itself to be; I confess they may be so far right; but, however, I must make myself understood so as to avoid those censures that may otherwise be thrown on me for writing it. In the first place, it was not published with a design to rival any thing of this nature that went before it: every person that has read Mr. Pope's justly admired piece, are convinced that it has beauties scarce to be imitated, much less transcended: it is built upon a story undoubtedly true, the circumstances happening in the twelfth century, and delivered down to us by writers of undoubted veracity: all that have heard them join in pity to deplore so moving a relation. Abelard and Eloisa by all accounts were two of the most distinguished persons in the age they lived in for natural and refined parts, early they tasted the forbidden fruit and as early suffered for it. He was pitched upon by her uncle, an abbot in France, to be her preceptor in philosophy; by which means this unlucky passion first took its rise that was to cost them so many tears afterwards. The liberties of an unconfined conversation served only to blow it higher: two of the most beautiful persons in that age could not behold each other long with the eyes of insensibility; they loved, and indulged their mutual wishes, and one evening, when they thought all was safe, all private and secure, the abbot, who had suspected them a good while before, bounced into the room and seized them in the very fact. O! who can describe the surprise in each of their faces, Eloisa was hurried away that instant from his sight, never to see her more but in a convent; and the unhappy Abe-

lard was forcibly deprived of the means of ever tasting those joys again by the hands of ruffians. Thus did those faithful lovers retire betimes from the vanities of a treacherous world, they went to separate convents and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. Long after this a letter falling by chance into Eloisa's hands, that was written by Abelard to some of his friends, in which he gives them an account of his unheard of calamities and afflictions: this awakened all her tenderness, and occasioned those celebrated letters which Mr. Pope and all the world will say, do give the most lively description of the struggles of nature, virtue and passion. They died after this and were buried in the monastery called the Paroquete, in the same tomb, or in monuments adjoining.

I have read Mr. Pope's letter, and do think it impossible for futurity to produce, in our language, any thing softer in its kind than that celebrated epistle. The many gloomy horrors and mournful images worked up here and there, and softened with his all-tender expressions, render it a master-piece for succeeding ages. As I read him with the pleasure of an admirer, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate him: if I fall, I greatly fall, my ambition leading me to imitate one of the finest pieces of the kind now extant; nay, if I may have leave to say so, I think it even excels Mr. Prior's *Henry to Emma*, which charmed the finest tastes abroad and at home. How I have studied Mr. Pope's style, I leave to the ladies, who are much the properest judges in such affairs, and for whom it was chiefly designed.—If I am so happy as to be approved of by them, let the rest of the world censure as they please, I shall remain still their humble Servant,

JAMES DELACOUR.

ABELARD

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

FROM shades as deep and gloomy as the bow'rs,
Where Eloisa spends her thoughtful hours,
This melancholy paper hastes away
From Abelard—far plung'd from painful day,
Darkling he mourns the fate he could not shun,
And grieves to find such faithful souls undone.

Can Eloisa yet disturb a breast?
Resign'd for ever to eternal rest,
Forbid to harbour any glimpse of love,
But what this convent dictates from above;
Yes, virtue bad me write her name and know,
Virtue and passion both will have it so.

Harmonious name! still musical in grief,
Dear favo'rite sound! to sooth a short relief,
How hard it is, pronounce it O my tongue,
The balmy accent thou hast often wrung,
When happier times made Eloisa kind,
And melting wishes tun'd us to one mind.
Now cloister'd up in solitude she dwells,
Trims her pale lamp, and wakes to midnight bells,
Pensive she sits on the relentless stone,
For ever musing, thoughtful and alone;

Where

Where awful darkness aids the fears of night,
And the blue taper casts a gloomy light;
Where solemn objects lift the rising soul,
Teem into thought, and actuate the whole;
Where fancy makes the big ideas strong,
And forms imperfect glide away in song;
Such odd impressions will the mind receive
When drench'd in melancholy's fable wave;
Mossy and old the ruin'd dome appears
Amid the vale of misery and tears.

Ye silent walks! ye ever lonely walls!
Deaf to a lover, and to nature's calls;
Ye sacred cells! ye venerable stones!
Where Abelard in time must lay his bones;
Thro' whose dark cloisters never wander'd light,
Where Owlets scream the moments of the night;
Long sounding isles! in which devotion lies,
In thought conceal'd from all but hermit's eyes:
Can love, that tender passion, enter here?
Where phantoms frown, and angels learn to fear;
O! never, never, but in souls like ours,
Form'd for this by love's especial pow'rs.

And dost thou love? yet burns that fatal flame?
Or wilt thou ask from whence this letter came?
It comes not from the dead to gain belief,
To sooth thy woes, or mitigate thy grief;
No Eloisa! —

From

From Abelard it comes, a mournful guest,
That wants a lodging in a troubled breast;
It will not hurt thee, it will sympathise,
Fall with thy bosom, with thy bosom rise;
Sad as its author let it tell its tale,
And when you hear it pity will prevail.

When the seas rage, and wintry blasts complain,
When rattling Eurus blows a hurricane.
In midnight cell I stretch without a bed,
Ten thousand thoughts revolving in my head;
One while the dangers of the stormy deep,
Tho' safe at land, have kept my eyes from sleep;
Now gentle pity steals upon the mind,
To think of those oppress'd by sea and wind;
Oft have I wonder'd while the hinges creak,
And trees around the monastery shake;
What sweet temptation or what bosom wife,
Could tempt the merchant to this kind of life;
Now moralise upon the shipwreck'd dead,
And view the emblem of that life we fled.
My weary eye-balls o'er the ocean cast,
Strain at the horrors of the wat'ry waste;
Sigh to the whistling winds, and tune my woe
To the hoarse murmurs of the surge below;
Then from my soul a train of griefs arise,
And the big tears stand trembling in my eyes;
From woe to woe, with wild distraction tost,
I mourn my Eloisa—ever lost.

Why

Why wilt thou then my Eloisa say?
“ Can’st thou forget that sad that solemn day?”
Why with such doubts upbraid a vestal flame,
And think thy Abelard but thine in name?
O wert thou here! which cruel fate denies,
To read that mournful softness in those eyes,
To search those looks and all the features trace,
Of that once known but now much alter’d face;
Soon would’st thou find tho’ alter’d in his frame,
The heart of Abelard was still the same,
Yes—thou would see it breaking with despair,
And thou, not God, my Eloisa there.

How chang’d thy Abelard? how wan his looks?
Pale with continual turning over books;
The night now seems a deeper black to wear,
And sound more faintly tingles in my ear;
The day looks dull, for ’tis no day to me,
Depriv’d of all my soul held dear in thee;
Restless I rove—no Eloisa here,
To charm my grief, or drink the falling tear;
Hush like a child my beating heart to rest,
And lull me on the pillow of her breast.

No!—far from hence sad Eloisa walks,
With mimic grief to sportive Echo talks;
In consecrated shades forgets her bloom,
And flies the palace for the kinder tomb;
Pleas’d with the gloomy horror of the place,
A charming sadness sits upon her face;

She eyes the walls intent upon her fate,
And smoothes the rugged rocks of Paraclete:
Methinks I see the beauteous mourner grow
In love with grief, transported with her woe;
Her steps she counts, her bended head reclin'd
Shews her distemper'd sympathy of mind.
Full of herself, in solemn pace she moves,
Buried in thought thro' solitary groves.

Now paradise ascends beneath her feet,
Fields ever fresh, and flow'rs for ever sweet,
Angels descend, divine Cecelia sings,
And seraphs fan her with their filken wings,
She dies away in sweet oblivious thought,
And even her Abelard is now forgot.
Ah no! she wakes, again she sighs, she mourns,
And the same round of endless grief returns;
From her fine eyes the big round drops descend,
Form'd by those suns in wat'ry diamonds end,
With fragrant dew enrich the sacred ground,
Perfume her robe and wet the fane around.

Oh Eloisa thou eternal charm!
Soft as thyself, and as thy person warm;
'Tis thine to come to Abelard by right
To sooth his ravings and dispel the night,
Whisper the world of cordials to his mind,
But Eloisa is no longer kind.
No longer the kind goddess of those hours
That danc'd away in soft Lutetian bow'rs:

Ah fatal congress! tragically sweet!
Where days were hours at Eloisa's feet;
These days were once——but now no more in love,
Change Abelard this heaven for that above.

Wou'd heaven consent! we shou'd together be
To sigh in concert, grieve in harmony,
Then shou'd thy eyes all-red my passions move,
Teach mine to weep, as once they thought to love;
Then shou'd we learn that sad, that moving air,
More eloquent than words to tell our fond despair;
Then glutton-like, devour each others grief,
No envious witness by to lend relief;
There clasp, indulge in luxury of woe,
'Till face to face inanimate we grow.

Delusive thought! oh vanity in me!
To wish for things impossible to be;
No Eloisa——think of former times,
Of dear, sad, fleeting, inoffensive crimes,
Crimes that drew down this vengeance from above
Unknown to us all innocent in love!
Sweetly we ran our then appointed race,
In ways of pleasure and in paths of peace;
I wou'd not mention——but alas you'll say,
My Abelard is far less kind than they:
Then hear and tremble at this sad decree,
'Tis heaven that speaks in Abelard to thee.

Long wastes, deep wilds, an unfrequented space,
Forbid us e'er to see each others face!
And did there not, th' Almighty stands between,
With double vengeance paints the frightful scene;
An uncle's blood tho' drank by thirsty laws,
Cries out for vengeance on the guilty cause:
Who tho' he merited the loss of breath,
Yet 'twas our crimes conducted him to death:
He fell, and falling by a common hand,*
Declar'd we help'd to spill his vital sand.
And see a lover bound and bleeding lies,
"To stain thy soul, and wanton in thy eyes."
Say Eloisa can no taught molest
The dull tranquillity within thy breast?
Say don't the black remembrance stab thy heart,
And drive my image from that tender part,
Oh speak! does not this tragedy divine?
That Eloisa can be never mine;
It does, it does, too sensibly I fear,
To leave us any hopes beyond despair.

And thou fair penitent! thou mourning bride
Lost to thyself, and all the world beside;
Say did I once one agony impart,
Say could you feel the motions of my heart?

K 2

Even

* He was executed at Paris by the common hangman, for his cruelties on Abelard whom he caused to be dismembered.

Even in that sad, that solemn hour of grief,*
When Eloisa wanted most relief;
When the soft musick mourn'd in strain divine,
And Eloisa was no longer mine.
Sad as thou wert, all beautifully gay,
Drest for the fatal business of the day;
I found some consolation in my breast,
That both were going to eternal rest;
When floods of glory burst upon our eyes,
And open'd all the pomp of sacrifice.
With irresistible devotion fir'd,
How was my soul harmoniously inspir'd!
When thro' the throng by ev'ry soul belov'd,
Thou urg'd thy way, thyself alone unmov'd,
What sighs were heard! what sorrows did not flow,
To see so young a sacrifice to woe:
When heav'n, above, below was in my eye,
A thousand times that hour I wish'd to die;
So absolutely had my soul forgot
Those vanities we both so dearly bought:
But oh! when once we came to separate,
There lay the blow, the deadly blow of fate;
With ease I bad delusive friends adieu,
Could part with all, with all the world but you:
Yet even this thy Abelard at last
Was forc'd to prove, to finish the repast.

Consummate

* At her receiving the veil.

Consummate drought! O dregs of bitter care!
Drain'd to the bottom, muddy with despair,
So thick that Abelard may well suppose,
They were the very grounds of all his woes;
Yet still he writes, endeavours still to join
Tale to sad tale, nor shall it all be thine,
A little sorrow Abelard must have
To lay him gently in the silent grave:
That port of calms, that pallet of the blest,
Where the poor labo'rer lays him down to rest;
Here is no hurry, virgins seldom fear,
The loss of man or reputation here.

No broken faith, no vows, no fears, no groans,
Disturb the awful quiet of those bones;
In peace they rest, here wait their final doom,
And look for day-light in a world to come.
Inchanting state! where solitude can please
Even in the dust, and all the world at ease;
Where wretched lovers after troubles meet,
And dream of nothing in a winding-sheet;
Tho' hard the bed is, sound they slumber there,
Weary of life, and jaded out with care.

Oh Eloisa! sweet as Sharon's rose!
How fatal have I been to thy repose,
Unhappy Abelard thy hand restrain,
Nor write what may give Eloisa pain.
This, even this, tho' slight, for ought you know,
May cause those tears, those precious tears to flow;
The

The soft remembrance may disturb that breast,
Where thou hast dwelt a long, a stubborn guest;
Then why would'st thou awake the slumb'ring mind,
To think of moments cruelly unkind?
Why would'st thou such ungen'rous acts pursue
As grieving her that sigh'd so long for you.
'Tis time to rest! ah give her that repose,
And let oblivion rest upon her woes.

THE COURTSHIP OF
ZEPHYRUS

AND

FLORA,

WRITTEN AS AN EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF

LADY GRACE BOYLE

WITH

THE EARL OF MIDDLESEX.

ZEPHYRUS

AND

FLORA.

YOU whose mild looks by far excel the spring,
And all the sweets which Flora's presence bring;
Whose beauty calls upon her slave so long,
With such a smile he can't refuse a song:
Now when melodious warblings fill the grove,
And ev'ry turtle tells his tale of love,
Vouchsafe fair maid to listen to the muse,
And hear a voice which you are pleas'd to choose,
With my fond passion for a while comply,
Thou shalt be Flora and your Zephyr I.

Hear how the lark begins her early strains,
And wakes the wild musicians of the plains;
Th' embroider'd spring in green array appears,
And every rose-leaf wet with pearly tears;
The birds are pair'd; to-morrow Flora yields
And weds young Zephyr in his native fields;
Haste, stick with blossoms ev'ry orange bow'r,
Tip the green myrtle with a whiter flow'r;

'Tis Venus' plant, in Paphos first it grew,
When o'er the fields its wanton odours flew;
A spring eternal on its leaves is seen,
And love's sweet kiss perfum'd the tender green.
Soon will she come; ye graces dress the bed,
And smiling lay the pillow for her head,
Soft let it sink in green and leafy sweets,
Soft as her bosom which his bosom meets;
With vernal gales he'll cool her rising fires,
And blow delightful as her fan inspires;
O'r all her breast and lips the lover flies,
And with her hand she bids the breezes rise.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

From Venus's lips, for so the muses sung,
Born in a sigh the sweet Favonius sprung,
That day Adonis press'd the rosy vale,
When frantick beauty heard her sadd'ning tale;
Then Cupid first was known to sob and cry,
And with his bandage wipe his little eye,
Bewail'd his brother, as he call'd the boy,
His own companion, and his mother's joy:
His horn no more thy infant hands shall wield,
Nor kiss the hounds returning from the field,
Or strive to wind it hanging by his side,
Pleas'd with the verdant belt's neglected pride:
Sleep, sleep in peace, ye monsters of the wood,
For his own beagles lap their master's blood.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

See where he swims upon that purling stream,
And in the water strives to cool his flame;
The ruffled brook beneath his bosom flows,
Its chrystal surface curling as he blows;
Warm Flora too upon its margin rests,
And to the gale presents her glowing breasts,
Or in the mirror decks with flow'rs her hair,
And sees another Flora dancing there;
Nor minds, intent on her reflect'd shade,
Into what kisses she has been betray'd.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

From yonder arbour rise the purple hours,
And on their fingers baskets fill'd with flow'rs;
Gay Hymen too stands naked in the porch,
And in his hand flames out the nuptial torch,
The Loves and Graces there a smiling train,
In gay procession crowd the grassy plain;
Impatient 'till their fav'rite task is done,
And she and Zephyr fix'd for ever one.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

With studded flow'rs she sprinkles all the scene,
Embalms their leaves, and gives the groves to green:
She stains their coats, and bids their colours rise,
Unfolds their glories, and augments their dyes:
Where beauty blushes in her finest freaks,
And light indulges in her gayest streaks;

A garniture compos'd of different hues,
Whose fine complexion the young graces use;
From whence Dione oft extracts a blush,
And pulls the province-rose from every bush;
Again the garden in her aspect glows,
And on her lip the sweet carnation blows.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

Where Arethusa shews her silver breast,
And Enna's vale prefers above the rest;
The queen of flow'rs unfolds her gaudy pride,
And at her feet the spreading waters glide;
Here little Loves Pomona's presents bear,
The purple product of the early year,
Even on his head a china vase receives,
And hunts for strawberries hid beneath the leaves;
Delicious fruitage! breathing soft perfume,
That wafts a cooling fragrance thro' the room;
And gather'd fresh, when ev'ning fans the air,
On the green leaf allures the smiling fair;
Her snowy fingers take a blushing hue,
Stain'd with the fruit, and redd'ning to the view;
Her purple lips are ting'd with nature's dye,
And honey-suckles breath in every sigh.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

Now chirping grasshoppers their nuptials sing,
Pursued by Cupids on the swiftest wing;

Shook

Shook from the grafs o'er blushing meadows rove,
Or fly for shelter to the flow'ry grove;
When chattering swallows sweep along the skies,
Or haunt the shaded walks for butterflies,
Thro' the long lane now swiftly shoot away,
Or o'er the bushes hang in airy play;
The wary fly observes his hov'ring foe,
And sits conceal'd beneath the leaves below;
There sticks unmov'd, while Progne plies in fight,
Nor opes his scarlet pinions to the light.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

To yonder summer-house the goddess flies,
To cool the fervour of meridian skies,
Where jessamine wove with flow'ry philerea,
Darkens the windows, and shuts out the day;
There throws herself upon a couch of flow'rs,
And in soft slumbers wastes the sultry hours;
While Zephyr thro' the greens regales the place,
And breathes the fragrance full upon her face;
The lifted sash allows him room to peep,
And in her lap a lamb lies fast asleep,
Whose milky neck the circling ribband stains,
And holds the little innocence in chains;
Small silver bells beneath the collar ring,
By Flora's finger fasten'd to the string:
On the clean hearth green pots of flow'rs ascend,
And the broad flags beneath the chimney bend.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

Here

Here build the swallows, here shrill Progne cling,
And fans her mistress with expanded wings;
As round the roof the feather'd people play,
And twitter wild their vernal life away;
Beneath the ceiling ever turning fly,
And fill the green-house with discordant cry:
In pleasing prospect long canals appear,
And sailing swans in various postures steer,
Some to the gale their snowy plumage spread,
Or in the circling waters plunge their head;
While from the windows Flora feeds the fowl,
And broken blossoms on the waters roll.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

And now the breeze invites the fair to bed,
Where blossom'd beans soft waving hang the head;
Here wrapp'd in sweets Favonius weds the fair,
Whose very sigh perfumes the balmy air;
O'er her fair face the fragrant blossoms flow'r,
Bend to her lips, and on her bosom show'r;
Round her white neck the falling foliage rise,
And draw a silken curtain o'er her eyes.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

In sounding millions hither swarm the bees,
And in sweet murmurs hum about the trees;
Sit on the flow'rs, and every fragrance sip,
From Maia's bosom to Favonia's lip;

Favonia's

Favonia's lip with spring's ripe moisture strew'd,
Beneath the red impression swell'd and glow'd;
Stung with the kifs, her small mouth poison'd shows,
And looks disorder'd like a rumpl'd rose.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

How long the primrose lags behind the year,
And when shall I the charming cuckoo hear,
Stay gentle bird——or after thee I run,
Nor, giddy, mind if yet my song be done:
She heeds me not, from bough to bough she flies,
And following fast my inspiration dies;
No more I sing, my wit, my fancy's flown,
And all my genius with the cuckoo gone,
With her my mirth, my love, my rapture stay,
But when she goes, she carries all away.
Let beauty scorn no more to be a bride,
Since Flora has with Zephyrus comply'd.

TO
MR. THOMSON,
ON
HIS SEASONS.

FROM sunless worlds, where Phæbus seldom smiles,
But with his ev'ning wheels hangs o'er our isles;
A western muse to worth this tribute pays,
From regions bord'ring on the Hebrides:
For thee the Irish harp new-strung once more,
Greens our rough rocks and bleak Hibernian shore:
Thou Thomson, bid my fingers wake the strings,
And with thy praise the wild wood hollow rings;
The shades of rev'rend Druids hover round,
And bend transported o'er the brazen sound.

So the wing'd bees that idly rove along,
(Renown'd alike for sweets as those for song;)
If the shrill brass invite them from the sky,
In dusty clusters round the musick fly.

Blest bard! with what new lustre dost thou rise,
Soft as the season o'er the summer skies;

M

Thy

Thy works a little world new found appear,
 And thou the Phœbus of a heav'n so fair;
 Thee their bright sov'reign all the signs allow,
 And Thomson is another name for nature now:
 Thou first could'st drive the coursers of the day,
 Nor thro' the dazzling glories lost thy way,
 Thy steeds red hoofs still trod th' eternal round,
 Nor flung the burning chariot to the ground.

So round Iulus' temples, blazing bright!
 In locks dishevell'd stream'd a length of light;
 The prince unarm'd beheld the sparkles spread,
 Nor shook the shining honours from his head.

Beneath thy touch description paints anew,
 And the skies brighten to a purer blue;
 Spring owes thy pencil her peculiar green,
 And drown'd in redder roses summer's seen;
 While hoary winter whitens into cold,
 And autumn bends beneath her bearded gold.

In various drap'ry see the rowling year,
 And the wild waste in fable spots appear;
 O'er the black bog the bittern stalks alone,
 And to the naked marshes makes his moan;
 Where Lapwing Tereus skims the wat'ry scenes,
 And to the Glin of Itys' change complains.*

But

* The Plover's voice naturally seems to call Itys, who was turned into a Pheasant, as Tereus into a Lapwing by Ovid.

But chief the sweetest passion best you sing,
The groves soft theme, and symphony of spring;
How bridl'd lions roar with fierce desire,
And in the waters Phocæ feels the fire;
There large Leviathan unwieldy raves,
And burns tho' circled round with all his waves.
But higher still those wonders must give place,
To the new transports of a beauteous face!
Its force on man—the touch—the glowing glance,
The tempting bosom, and the tender trance!
In those how strongly dost thou paint our care,
And all the darling weakness of the fair;
What thanks must beauty give in yielding hour,
To warm them from us in the rosy bow'r?

A sudden flash of lightning turns my eye,
To thunder rumbling in the summer sky!
Beneath thy hand the flaming sheet is spread,
O'er heav'n's wide face, and wraps it round with red;
With the broad blaze the kindling lines grow bright,
And all the glowing page is fill'd with light;
'Thro' the rough verse the thunder hoarsely roars,
And on red wings the nimble light'ning soars:
Here thy Amelia starts, and chill'd with fears,
At ev'ry flash her eye-lid swims in tears;
What heart but beats for so divine a form,
Pale as a lilly sinking in a storm?
What maid so cold to take a lover's part,
But pities Celadon with all her heart.

How precious gems enrich each sparkling line,
Add fun to fun, and from thy fancy shine!
Here rocks of diamonds blaze in broken ray,
And sanguine rubies shed a blushing day;
Blue shining Sapphires a gay heav'n unfold,
And Topaz lightens like transparent gold;
Of ev'ning tinct pale Amethysts are seen,
And Em'ralsd paint their languid beams with green;
While the clear Opal courts the reader's sight,
And rains a show'r of many colour'd light:
Your sky dipt pencil adds the proper glow,
Stains each bright stone, and lets their lustre flow,
Tempers the colours shifting from each beam,
And bids them flash in one continued stream.

So have I seen the florid rain-bow rise,
In breded colours o'er the wat'ry skies,
Where drops of light alternate fall away,
And fainting gleams in gradual dyes decay;
But thrown together the broad arch displays,
One tide of glory, one collected blaze!

Where may those numbers find you now retir'd,
What lawn or grove is by the muse admir'd;
Dost thou in Stowe's delightful gardens stray,*
Or in the glooms of Doddington delay;
There sweet embower'd some fav'rite author read,
Or breathe the breezes of thy native Tweed;

On

* A feat of the Lord Cobham's.

On her cool border rest reclin'd awhile,
Mindful of Forbes, and thy own Argyle?
O! thou that only in this garb could please,
And bring me over to commend thy lays;
Where rhyme is wanting, but where fancy shines,
And bursts like ripen'd ore above the mines:
Enjoy thy genius! glory in thy choice!
Whose Roman freedom has Roscommon's voice.

ON POESY,
OR
THE FINE ARTS.

AN EPISTLE TO THE
RT. HON. RICHARD EARL OF SHANNON,
ON THE ADVANCEMENT OF LITERATURE.

Druids and bards their once loud harps unstrung,
And youths that died to be by poets sung.

POPE'S TEMPLE OF FAME.

WHO would not write when queens vouchsafe to
read, *

Kings visit bards, and princes praise the dead?
This stuck the harp of Orpheus in the sky,
And mortals rais'd to immortality,
This dubb'd them fav'rites to a royal fair,
Who judg'd not by the eye, but by the ear;
In trifles spent not her inglorious time,
But from the ball retir'd to books and rhyme;

Where

* Mary, Queen of Scots, Caroline, Queen of England, and
Christiana of Sweden, great patronesses of talents and polite
learning.

Where Britain's genius entertain'd her queen,
 And Merlin's image haunts fair Richmond's green: *
 Fired by the praise of Sundon and of kings,
 There Duck will dabble, ev'n Cibber sings.

But I'm condemn'd to waste away my hours;
 Far from the great and all poetic pow'rs,
 Far from all taste, from wit and breeding far,
 The blood of Inchiquin, thy rank Kildare:
 From Lyttleton, inspirer of parts,
 And Pulteney parent of the orphan arts;
 From Doddington, the friend of ev'ry worth,
 And Grenville prompt to hand the virtues forth;
 From Chesterfield a name that Phœbus loves,
 Beyond each name, that ev'ry page improves,
 Dropp'd on the farthest isle of all the west,
 The punnian end of Europe at the best,
 Where Boyles but few our rising Popes inspire,
 Where but one Mann stirs up the tuneful fire,
 Where Browne, where Berkley deign scarce to reside,
 And shield young merit from the foot of pride,
 Where no encouragement attends the muse,
 Such as of old imperial patrons use,
 When pens unflatt'ring royaliz'd regard,
 And met a province for their just reward. †

Poesy

* Merlin was a Welsh bard, and flourished in the 6th century, his cave at Richmond was the Queen's study.

† Carbre muse, an old Hibernian bard who presented a poem to Oliol Ollum, King of Munster, and was rewarded with the barony of Carbre so called from him.

Poesy sigh'd she found her labour vain,
 Where is the tribute now and golden chain? *
 Imperial pension that a Virgil warms,
 Poets expiring in an emp'ror's arms: †
 Alas! they're all with Carolina fled, ‡
 With Adrian vanish'd, with Augustus dead.

O Ignorance! thou goddesses brazen bright,
 Profuse of jibes and shallow with delight,
 Eternal laughters in thy presence reign,
 And smiling censure loads thy empty train,
 Eas'd of her load, ev'n dulness grows more light,
 And impudence conceited in thy sight:
 Thou mak'st the awkward face of folly gay,
 Gives front assurance, modesty disdain,
 Thee, goddesses, thee, the mob adore alone,
 In fortune's tinsel dress and Bristol stone;
 While few discern the riches of the mind,
 Or understand the jewels of mankind.

Lives there a race beneath the mortal skies,
 Who sacred honours to the bard denies;
 Behold Demodocus on high is placed,
 By Greece and with the choicest viands grac'd:

N

Lightning

* A gold chain bestowed upon Peter Aretine the satirist.

† Francis the First.

‡ Alluding to a medal of the late queen representing her majesty watering the arts and sciences which adorn empire with this motto, "Caroline protecting."

Lightning itself the laurel will revere,
Nor blasts the bay, because its Pæans wear.

Let learned Gaul in any science shew,
Books more antique than Homer, Hesiod knew,
Let poetry trace ancient Linus higher,
Father of fancy and of sense the fire ;
Italy Ennius, Gower England quote,
And Æthiopia Liquanus for thought.

Philosophy itself durst not appear,
First to the world but in the muses sphere.
'Thus Thales wrote, Parmenides aspir'd,
And nature in Lucretius is admir'd :
And thus the sage Pythagoras of old,
From iron anvil hammer'd verse of gold ;
Manilius shines in astronomic lays,
And mathematics to a Halley's praise.*

See history Herodotus's theme,
Christens her books by each a muse's name :
Divinity herself here gives her vote,
When Paul and Atterbury poets quote ;
Nor will this client oratory quit,
In this cause Tully pleads for banish'd wit :
What Cato wanted, strove, but strove in vain,
What Ammon wish'd, what Lewis scarce could drain,
Is

* Fontenelle writes that Mr. Halley wrote a fine Latin poem in praise of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia.

Is not methinks a frivolous desire,
Which popes profess'd and princesses admire.*

Mazerine and Richlieu both indulg'd this rage,
The greatest statesmen of their sev'ral age.
And thought it policy to aid those arts,
Which made their masters rule a nation's hearts.

By this sweet art Arion gain'd his store,
And charm'd mute fish to listen to his lore:
A dolphin drawn by his harmonious hand,
Receiv'd him on his back and bore to land,
He on his crouching crest sits all at ease,
And with his harp calms th' insulting seas,
Thus the divine musician sail'd along,
And paid his passage with a smoother song.

Let music tell how Orpheus drew wild beasts,
While Thrace the bard tore, emblem of bad tastes,
Then ev'n rude Rhodope sweet echoes heard,
And caught the voice of the expiring bard,
Yet tho' the Thracians pull'd him limb from limb,
To see him fountains rose above their brim,
The rivers ran and left their channels dry,
The rocks seemed smitten with his harmony,
Trees gathered round him, join'd the gazing crowd,
And as he pass'd, the woods respectful bow'd.

N 2

Ev'n

* The princess royal of Poland wrote a Latin poem on the conversion of St. Augustine, and was admitted a member of the academy at Rome.

Ev'n hell was pleas'd ——— all but the beast call'd man,
 Brutes may be tam'd — — but blockheads never can.

Edward and Alfred pay'd respect to bards,
 Old Spencer, queen Elizabeth rewards;
 Henry the eighth indulg'd the tuneful quire,
 And even that age a Skelton could admire;
 Chaucer had patrons, yea the psalmist Brady,
 Protected was, and cherish'd by queen Mary.
 The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, th' other pensioned Quarles.
 Garth by king George, and Euseden by queen Ann,
 One dubb'd a knight, one led the laurel van.
 Ev'n Milton's daughter liv'd on Milton's lays,
 And Steel a knighthood gain'd by arts like these.

Polnitz behold a Prussia's king admire,
 And Voltaire famous for Apollo's lyre;
 Loaded with medals, lo! returns the bard,
 And royal gifts a D'Argen's pains reward;*
 These lift this monarch to imperial sway,
 Of princes prime, whom arms and arts obey.

Oxford on wit confers a grand degree,
 And every college but cool Trinity.
 Sorbonne her Rolin boasts, and Oxford Spence,
 Cambridge her Trap for belles-lettres and sense:

But

* Author of the Jewish letters, and chamberlain to the king of Prussia, a butterfly in learning, and much less a scholar than Voltaire.

But since schools fell, no vermin lost its breath,
 No rat or knave, dread satire rhimes to death;*
 Disease, misfortune, are not charm'd away,
 Nor sickness flies before th' enchanting lay.

Poets in Ireland now are rarely priz'd,
 As learned men in Turkey are despis'd;
 Dulness the beaten road, the general rule,
 Which if you quit, they point you out a fool,
 Nor is it strange, where folly rules the roast,
 Wit should be little priz'd and nonsense most.

Yet genius ev'n in Ireland is enhanc'd,
 Clancy is pension'd, Carthy is advanc'd;
 Dunkin, the king of schoolmasters is grown,
 And Francis among strangers meets renown;
 Then let it not be said, prophets at home,
 Are not unhonour'd but in Munster's dome.

The man that hath no music in his soul,
 Why rattle dice or call a vole,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 This man is fit not for a pack of hounds,
 He's fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
 For mid-day quarrels, and for mid-night broils;
 The motions of his mind are full of spite,
 He's dull as Erebus and dark as night;

Let

* Sir Philip Sidney relates surprising instances of the power of ancient poesy in Ireland, such as expelling rats, or rhyming people to death, and confesses that though learning was then very bare in the kingdom, yet the poets were held in great veneration.

Let no such man be trusted, Shakspeare saith,
For yew-like, he sheds round him baneful death;
Whereas whoever acts what's worthy praise,
Admires the muses and adorns their lays.

Wits by pert pedants only are despis'd,
As your tame birds by those unciviliz'd;
Like common sense could genius be acquir'd,
Thy parts, O Stanhope, would be less admir'd!
Great wits like comets do not oft appear,
And their price rises from their being rare;
But fools appear in multitudes and throngs,
And like the pendulums of clocks their tongues.
Tho' would you hear what you may chance to like,
One must wait the hour before they strike:
Those human insects which in buz alarm,
And round the wit, as round the taper swarm,
Tho' in his face they fly, resolv'd to wound,
Yet by the blow are tumbl'd to the ground,
Those sons of twilight hate the light of morn,
Sightless they fly, and to their dung return,
Taken for bees by undiscerning eyes,
The wiser find them beetles and despise.

Poor is an epithet to poets given,
Yet David was a bard and lov'd by heav'n.
Where's the foundation? for past times explore,
You'll surely find the lesser number poor;
Great Maro, Flaccus, Lucan, Ovid rich,
And tho' untitl'd, of no vulgar pitch;

Nay our own times examples may afford
Of genius meeting in a duke or lord!
Fam'd Dorset, Surrey, Halifax were earls,
And Orrery and Chesterfield are pearls:
Hear Rochester, Roscommon, Landfdown sing,
Bright Buckingham and Falkland touch the string,
Soft Sedley, Denham, Butler, Steel were knights,
And Addison tho' secretary writes!
His excellency Prior tun'd the lyre,
And Congreve tho' commissioner had fire;
Lo! Pope and Swift, the wonder of our days,
Were far from poor and yet they dealt in bays.
Williams ambassador to Berlin sent,
A royal authors ear to compliment.

See Wycherly by Cleveland's grace admir'd,
By Charles courted, Drogheda desired;
See Addison to Warwick's arms confin'd,
Charm'd by his head and harmony of mind;
Mallet and Glover, Marlbro's choice approv'd,
With her last breath whose merit Montrose lov'd,
To be approv'd by wit and sense is more,
Than if the lords and commons thank'd you o'er and o'er.

Behold great Bourbon Bolingbroke commands,
To take the royal signet from his hands;
Lo! Savoy's watch, and Eugene's box of gold,
Pope and Centlivre as a premium hold.
See Boyle's hand honour'd by a Sheffield's ring,
The muse's gift by daughter of a king;

Churchill's

Churchill's best jewel Chesterfield adorns,
 It well becomes him who all flatt'ry scorns;
 Yet tho' none merit or good sense regard,
 Desert like virtue is its own reward,
 And tho' but few to worth their tribute bring,
 The mind's complacence is a diamond ring;
 As the rich brilliants the fair fingers grace,
 So fortune sparkles upon wisdom's face,
 Whereas rich gems expose the dunce they deck,
 Like a gold chain about a lord-mayor's neck.

Alas! 'tis wit itself has given the slur,
 And bards too often act the cabbin-cur;
 Thus wits to coxcombs still new weapons send,
 Who beat us with the very sticks we lend,
 Strange each profession to itself adheres,
 Fools herd together, foplings walk in pairs,
 But wits still straggling scatter at this rate,
 By congregated fools are easy beat;
 Some have of wit, and some of wealth have store,
 But envied by the idiot and the poor,
 'Twixt wit and folly there's eternal war,
 As heat and cold cause thunder in the air.

Behold the pride of Languedoc (Toulouse)
 Vain of its wit, which ev'n the women use,
 Bred in French forms each belle's a sonneteer,
 And ev'ry nymph apes Mazerine and Dacier,
 Ballad and song, the product of the soil,
 And proud Versailles is ev'n to them a foil.

Yet

Yet ev'n here Cambray hath his Meaux,
And Perrault pasquinades the great Boileau;
A Polnitz envies Voltaire's happy vein,
Tho' he commends a Corneille or Racine.

Envy's the common consequence of praise,
And calumny still grows upon the bays,
So Pope, Gay, Dryden, Horace, Virgil found,
Who bids the bard have brows with ivy bound;
Lest the muse fall on Milton's evil tongues,
Thus Homer Zoilus, Ovid Cinna wrongs.
Then why should I who claim not half their due,
Complain because I have my Codrus too?
Rail on Demetrius, Tigellius bite,
Plotius and Varus read what'er I write,
Shall flea Pantilius, bug Hermogenes,
Make me uneasy, or disturb my peace?
No, my Mæcenas, you my lines commend,
And while you like my labours have an end,

THE FAREWELL.

TO A LADY ON HER LEAVING IRELAND.

MAY guardian angels on thy journey wait,
And love protect thee from all hostile hate,
'Till those fond eyes again behold thy charms,
And joy restore thee to Adonis' arms.

For thee shall Flora paint the rural bow'r,
Blush in the rose and smile in ev'ry flow'r.
For thee the rivers run, the woodbines creep,
The Naiades warble and the waters weep,
The laughing meadows and loquacious rills,
The vocal vallies and the answ'ring hills;
Thy praise the woods, the groves, the rocks shall ring,
The blackbirds whistle and the thrushes sing;
With thee shall Zephyr sigh along the dale,
Sob in the breeze or murmur in the gale;
At thy hard hap shall mournful Eccho tell,
In the lone grot or solitary cell:
There shall the desert nymph thy steps attend,
Worn out with grief, the lover's only friend;
Lost in the silent walk or solemn shade,
The wretched meet the melancholy maid,

Hear her wild voice another's woes bemoan,
And pity sorrows——once so like her own.

In distant scenes may absent thoughts intrude,
Haunt thy retreat or sooth thy solitude,
In ev'ry shadow let my image play,
And bring to mind some dear departed day;
When sweet content becalm'd the happy hours,
And all the grove and all the day was ours.
Then spring was welcome and the vernal plain,
And once the golden age return'd again.
But now the skies are drefs'd no more in blue,
And sullen ev'ning wears a wintry hue;
Retirement takes a sedentary look,
And lamentation tunes the purling brook.

In some cool arbour on the velvet ground,
Where violets blow and jasmine breathes around,
'Till sun-set fit or lie long nights awake,
While the shrill rails in rural concert creak;
Then sigh to think of sweeter serenades.
And curse the music of those hateful shades.

Here health resides upon the mountain brow,
And earth presents her bosom to the plough,
That gilds with harvest the brown field unshorn,
And spreads the vallies with a tide of corn:
Her yellow locks see Ceres wide unfold,
'Tinge the green ear and shake the founding gold;
Beneath, blest tenant of the bearded grove,
The quail responsive woees his harmless love,

Whose

Whose tender call directs his ev'ning ways,
And leads her lover thro' the tangl'd maze.
Ah thus may we in transport meet at last,
Doubt being dead, and ev'ry danger past.
May no deceiver turn thy feet aside,
Or lead thy lover from his destin'd bride.
In the world's wilderness thy friendly voice,
Still strike my ear and bid young hope rejoice;
A little longer let that music live,
And that shall Venus to Adonis give.

The first of these is the fact that the
 the second is the fact that the
 the third is the fact that the
 the fourth is the fact that the
 the fifth is the fact that the
 the sixth is the fact that the
 the seventh is the fact that the
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TO A LADY,
WITH MRS. ROWE'S LETTERS FROM
THE
DEAD TO THE LIVING,
STILED
FRIENDSHIP IN DEATH.

THESE curious works their happy author tell,
How far your sex can if they please excel;
In those soft thoughts her softest soul explore,
And read what woman never writ before!
Prospects so novel will not fail to charm,
Where florid prose in glowing numbers warm;
Where godlike friendship wears a fadeless bloom,
Lives after death and triumphs o'er the tomb.

Where cou'd she find so ravishing a theme?
She saw it sure in some delightful dream;
When heav'nly music lull'd her pow'rs to rest,
And only love lay waking in her breast;
When virtue's self descended from the sky,
To paint Elysium on her closing eye,
To prompt with visions the romantic maid,
On beds of lilies languishingly laid.

From

From hence these pages boast her wondrous wit,
Where under art dull mortals easy fit:
Let the gay libertine peruse them thro'
He'll find both profit and amusement too;
The man of sense shall doat upon their deeds,
And the soft maid grow softer as she reads;
A sigh and tear at ev'ry letter rise,
Steal from her heart and tremble in her eyes.

But you my fair, whose soul is tun'd to love,
Whose taste and judgment all the nine approve;
Receive a muse of the sublimer sort,
Sing her, the Sappho of Brittannia's coast:
In some dull humour, after evening tea,
Your spleen and vapours she may chase away;
Dispel the clouds that o'er good nature low'r,
And so improve a solitary hour.
When other nymphs are dying with the clime,
And at a loss to murder idle time.

In gardens now beneath the gloomy grove,
Oft shall thou muse and range this heav'n of love;
Where forms departed sport in fields of air,
And purer beauties bloom for ever fair;
These happy meadows want no genial show'rs,
But gems unbidden blow instead of flow'rs;
For violet beds young amethysts are seen,
And living em'ralsd shed immortal green!
On liquid chrystal swans sail smoothly by,
For ever singing——and yet never die,

These

These are the mansions destin'd for the blest,
Where faithful lovers from their labours rest;
Each dove-like pair for constancy renown'd,
With fragrant myrtle and with roses crown'd;
Shall here enjoy the ever youthful hours,
In golden groves and amaranthine bow'rs.

There too, in time, perhaps thy social shape,
May meet with mine and wander o'er the mead;
Together walk, together ages waste,
And talk of nothing but amusements past:
No rival there——not even death to fear,
But love be all the language we shall hear;
Small change then needs that alabaſter brow,
You want but wings to be an angel now.

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TO MR. PARKER,
ON A
SEA PIECE OF HIS PAINTING,

BY THE

Rev. Mr. J. Delacour.

SO strikes the windows that beguiles the eye,
The mimic slipper, or dissembl'd fly;
So veils Timanthes Agamemnon's air,
And Aristides paints a mother's care;
So look'd the sheet Parafius' drap'ry wove,
Apelles' Venus or Euphranor's Jove.

Thus was the mare's mouth froth'd
To whom beasts neigh'd,
Portogeceffe's dog, Mealces' steed;
So Lorreign landscapes, Vandervelde fights feign'd,
Zeuxis' limn'd fruits and flow'rs, a Baptist stain'd;
So flame reflected, as the boy coals blew,
Phalerion, Scylla, Nile a Coypel drew;
So Titian colour'd, Raphael sketch'd his plan,
Man may mock birds, but you deceive a man.

'Tis hard to say which most I must admire,
In this just piece, thy judgment or thy fire;
So warm with life the strongest figures rise,
'The rough sea roars, and swells to meet my eyes!
'The vocal paint, work'd up in louder storms,
Speaks out in thunder and the deep deforms.
Clouds roll'd on clouds, in darker shades increase,
'The wild waves foam and whiten all the piece.
'The scatter'd light'ning mixes with the main,
And dolphins bound along the moving plain:
'The ready pencil here a ship commands,
To strike a rock, or bulge against the sands;
With pity we survey its shatter'd side,
While planks and men lie mingl'd in the tide;
Aloft the crew-curst Petterel is borne,
With wet-wing'd Notus, raining from his urn.
Or should old Ocean toil himself to rest,
Thy pictur'd Halcyons brood upon his breast.
Soft slide the waves, the surge is smoother seen,
And from thy pencil flows a wat'ry green;
Or would we view the treasures of the deep,
Where beds of oysters, well dissembl'd, sleep;
Here heaps of ambergrease lie soil'd with weeds,
And thro' the ooze the branching coral bleeds.
Dark on the rocks the sea-wreck nods above,
And in the floating canvas seems to move.

These are the charms that wait upon thy hand!
Here nature works, and here her graces stand!
To strike the soul, O Parker, be thy part,
And let thy touches sink into the heart!

Painting

Painting and poetry in thee unite,
And on each other cast a friendly light.
Fond to reflect the beauties of a mind,
Where sister-arts are in perfection join'd.

Still in thy curious labours let me share,
New-mix the colours, and the tints prepare;
Or from the sullied pencil wipe the stain,
Or stretch the canvas for the future scene;
There shall thy fancy with thy finger move,
And ev'ry stroke a Chilcot's leg improve.
There let me watch with thee each dawning line,
And from the progress guess the soft design:
Whether the drop, unpolish'd as it lies,
May form an angel's, or a Conran's eyes,
Or if that lake must Lyfaght's lips adorn,
Or rise in blushes to describe the morn.

These are amusements innocent and bright,
Results of genius, and a taste polite;
These meet in thee, and mingle in thy mind,
And speak a manner finish'd and refin'd;
Hence the big thoughts that in thy fancy roll!
Hence all those beauties, transcripts of thy soul!
Where, if thy colours glow in Gunning's cheeks,*
It is thy soul, and not thy pencil speaks.
These want not words to praise his pow'rful hand,
Who can the passions like the winds command.

Yet

* Lady Coventry.

Yet few, how few! when all our pains are past,
Are born with ears and eyes to judge at last!
How few can taste the muse's art, or thine!
How few can taste thy harmony, or mine!
Ere short-liv'd artists see their glory rise,
Their colours vanish and their music dies;
Such is the poet's, such the painter's fate,
Too soon 'tis envi'd, and esteem'd too late.

Ireland.

TO
MR. WEAVER,
PORTRAIT PAINTER FROM BATH,
ON HIS

EXQUISITE MADONA AND OTHER PICTURES.

THIS pensive posture see, spectators call
To view devotion fervent, warm to all,
A Titian's manner, join'd to Lely's art,
Maratti's style, with hand upon her heart;
There Contemplation speaks in thought profound,
With flaxen hair, her eye upon the ground,
Which seems to say in meditation mute,
Praxiteles with Weaver can't dispute!
Here true resemblance strikes in ev'ry line,
Like Zeuxis' grapes, on which the birds would dine.
Where modesty is painted in the face,
A matron's meekness, and religion's grace;
These lips discourse, as elegance might say,
And ah how soft, how rubicund they pray!
The grot of glory they might image well,
Or humble sybil, in some sacred cell.

Lorrain's warm sun upon thy landscape shines,
A Rubens' colours, with Vandyke's designs;
While Raphael's women with a Guido's air,
Wainscot thy room, and thro' thy windows stare;
Where the blood seems to circulate most high,
Blush in each cheek and sparkle in each eye:
No wonder that a Weaver those should shade,
When Love a Black-Smith an Apelles made.

IN LAudem

ÆTHIOPISSÆ.

EST mihi (siqua mihi est) sine fuco, fraude, vel arte,
Nescia mutari forma, sui que tenax:
Unguentis utor nullis, medicamine nullo,
Quid juvet, ignoro, regia mellis aqua;
Nec maculis stellata, hic interspergor, et illic,
Non equidem nigra nigrior esse velim;
Lotio sola mihi est de pura et simplice lymp̃ha,
Et vereor quam sit vanus et iste labor.
At nivei mihi sunt, pœti sine pulvere dentes,
Quale nec Indorum purius albet ebur;
Sideribus similes fulgere videtis ocellos,
Angliacam possint qui decorare nurum.
Mollitiem talpæ superant mea labra, quis, ecquis
Libabit———quam sunt oscula mollicula?
Sin minus oblectem tot flammæ inter et ignes,
(Usque adeo est nostræ lux inimica cuti)
Si placet extingui tantum mandate lucernas,
Protenus in tenebris altera Thais, ero.

THUS TRANSLATED FROM THE FOREGOING.

IN PRAISE OF A NEGRESS.

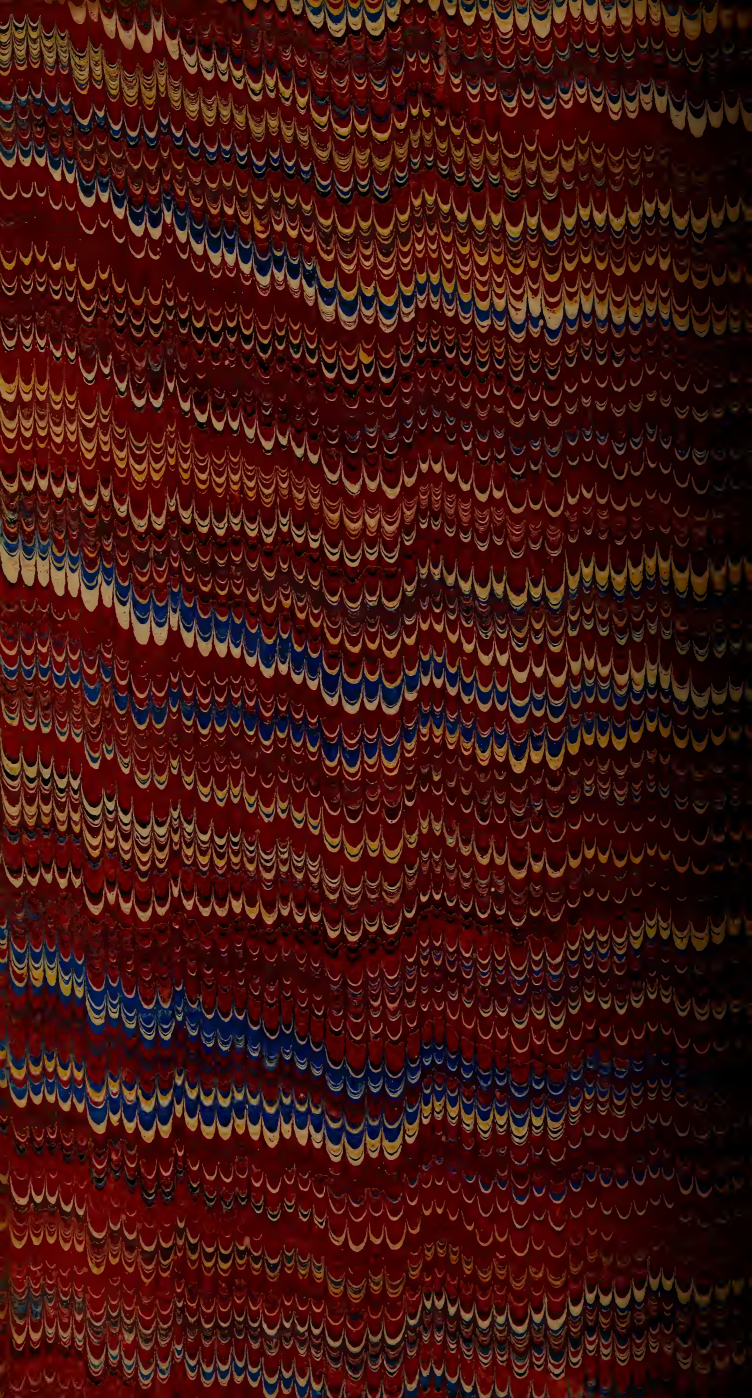
WHAT shape I have, that form is all my own,
To art a stranger, and to modes unknown;
To paint or patches, perfum'd fraud no friend,
Nor know what stays or honey-water mend:
No spotted moons deform my jetty face,
I would be blacker than that speckl'd race!
My simple lotion is the purer rain,
And e'en that wash is labour took in vain,
But my pearl teeth, without tobacco's aid,
On snow or Indian iv'ry cast a shade!
My eyes eclipse the stars in all their flame,
Such as may not e'en Albion's daughters shame,
My softer skin with the mole's velvet vies,
Ah! who will on those altars sacrifice?
But if I please less in the sultry day,
My colour with the candles dies away;
Since to our hue the light is deem'd a foe,
Night will a Thais in my charms bestow.

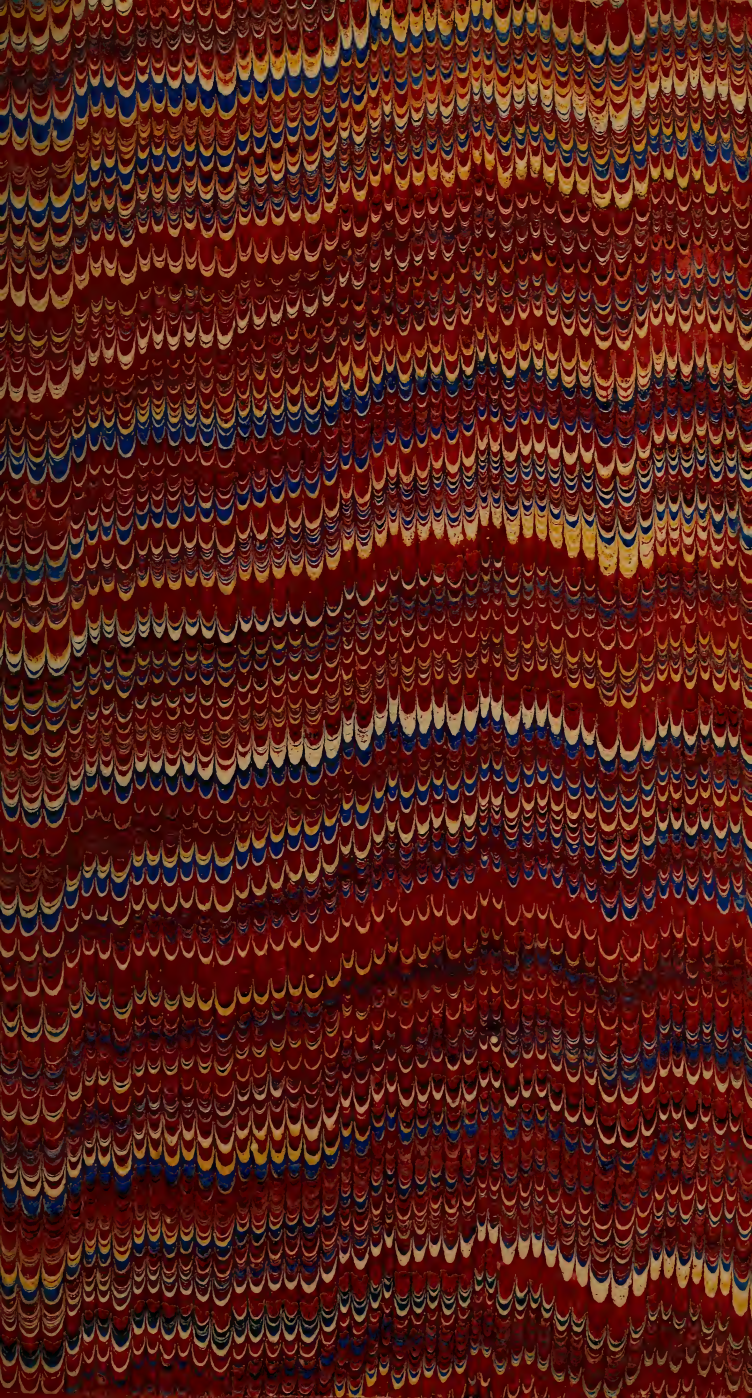
VERSES ON A

LADY'S HAND.

FINE as her taper fingers flow my strains,
Soft as her hand, and shining as her veins,
Turn'd as her wrist the lines, and smooth as silk,
Feel like her palm, where roses swim in milk;
These o'er my verse a warmer shadow shed,
And tip her fingers with a painted red;
Thro' the blue veins in riper moisture flow,
And seem to melt with heat the neighb'ring snow;
The neighb'ring snow dissolv'd in roses blends,
And with carnation decks her fingers ends:
Between the leaves the flakes of snow look bright,
And daisy-like are dash'd with red and white;
Think with what lustre on her lap it lay,
And o'er her apron drew the milky way;
Coarse look'd the cambrick to a hand so fine,
And shades of lawn are net-work to her skin,
On her fair fingers brilliant diamonds glow,
And burn like Ætna, between hills of snow.







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